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SHAKESPEARE

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

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CLARENDON PRESS SERIES

ENGLISH CLASSICS

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

W. A. WRIGHT

HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
LONDON, EDINBURGH
NEW YORK AND TORONTO

CLARENDON PRESS SERIES

SHAKESPEARE

SELECT PLAYS

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

EDITED BY

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OXFORD

AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

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PREFACE

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING first appeared in print in the quarto edition of 1600 with the following title: 'Much adoe about Nothing. *As it hath been sundrie times publikely* acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. *Written by William Shakespeare.* LONDON Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley. 1600.'

As it is not mentioned by Meres (Palladis Tamia) in 1598 among the plays of Shakespeare, it was probably written in 1599 or 1600 not long before the quarto was published. Among the entries at Stationers' Hall we find, under the date 23 August, 1600,

ANDREW WYSE
WILLIAM ASPLEY
Entred for their copies vnder the handes of the wardens Two bookes. the one called *Muche a Doo about nothinge.* Thother *the second parte of the history of kinge Henry the iiij*th *with the humours of Sir JOHN FFALLSTAFFE:* Wrytten by master SHAKESPERE. xij^{d}.

In a previous entry, which apparently belongs to the same year, under the date of the 4th of August, Much Ado is, with As You Like It, Henry V, and Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, among the books which were for some reason or other 'to be staied.' Besides the quarto of 1600 no other edition of this play appeared till it was included in the first folio of 1623.

As to the source from which the plot was derived, there can be little doubt that it was the twenty-second novel of the first part of Bandello's *Novelle*, which was certainly translated into French and included in Belleforest's *Histoires*

Tragiques, and was also most probably translated into English, although no copy of the translation is known to exist. The scene of the novel is laid in the year 1283 at Messina. The hero, Timbreo di Cardona, an officer in the victorious army of Piero d' Aragona, and a favourite with the king, was enamoured of Fenicia, the daughter of Lionato de' Lionati, a gentleman of Messina, and by the help of a friend obtained her father's consent to their marriage. But a rival admirer of Fenicia, one Girondo, a young cavalier of noble family, determined to break off the match and win the lady for himself. He had served in the same campaigns as Timbreo, and but for their rivalry in love there was the most brotherly affection between them. Girondo communicated his intentions to a friend, who readily lent himself to assist him. His first step was to poison the mind of Timbreo by assuring him that Fenicia was unworthy of his regard, inasmuch as she was known to receive the visits of a gentleman of Messina three nights in the week without the knowledge of her parents. Of this Timbreo is furnished with what he supposes to be ocular proof, and one night from a post of concealment sees a man enter the house of Lionato by means of a ladder placed against one of the windows. On the following morning he employs the same friend who had acted for him in bringing about the marriage, and sends him to Lionato's house to repudiate his daughter for her misconduct. The charge came upon the assembled family like a thunderbolt. Fenicia swooned and remained for some time as one dead. Her father, who regarded the story as an invention of Timbreo's in order to avoid marrying into a family of decayed fortunes, dismissed the messenger. Fenicia revived for a time and then apparently died in reality, and preparations were made for her funeral on the following day. But signs of life appeared, and she came out of the swoon to the great joy of her parents, who resolved to carry her into the country to the house of Lionato's brother, and to allow the funeral ceremony to proceed as if she were

really dead. Girondo, filled with compunction at the disastrous result of his plot, confessed to Timbreo at the grave of Fenicia the falsehood of which he had been guilty, and the two then resorted to the house of Lionato and related all the circumstances, which completely cleared the good fame of Fenicia. Timbreo, by way of atonement for the part he had taken, was willing to submit to any penance which Lionato might impose upon him, and this was to accept a wife of Lionato's choice. In the end of course he marries Fenicia, and lives happily ever after.

From this brief outline of the story it seems clear that, through whatever medium it may have come to him, Shakespeare must have been acquainted with it. The substantial identity of the plot, the scene laid at Messina, the names of Piero d' Aragona under whom the hero served, and of Lionato the father of the injured lady, are coincidences too striking to admit of any other conclusion. It is true that in Spenser's Fairy Queen, Book ii. canto 4, st. 17, &c., there is the story of Claribella, who was personated by her maid Pryene, and was the victim of the same stratagem; but this is of no value except as an illustration of a literary commonplace, which Spenser may have borrowed from the story of Ariodante and Genevra in the fifth book of Ariosto's Orlando Furioso. A translation of Ariosto by Sir John Harington appeared in 1591, and in a note he remarks, 'The tale is a prettie comicall matter, and hath beene written in English verse some few yeares past (learnedly and with good grace) though in verse of another kind, by M. George Turberuil.' It is not certain whether Turbervile's name is a mistake for that of Peter Beverley, who did translate the story from Ariosto in 1565-6, though it is improbable that Sir John Harington should have made such an error, but in any case Shakespeare can only have borrowed from this source the incident of the part taken in the plot of the waiting-maid who personates her mistress. The motive of the action is entirely different. In the novel of Bandello, as

well as in the stories told in Ariosto and Spenser, it is the design of the false friend or rival to win the lady for himself. In Much Ado the moody and discontented spirit of Don John plans the ruin of Hero in order to wreak his revenge on Claudio, of whom he was jealous as a rival, not in love but in the friendship and favour of his prince. When we add to this essential difference of motive the fact that the important characters of Benedick and Beatrice, and the parts they play, are Shakespeare's own, we are in a position to realise how much and how little he was indebted to the crude elements he may have worked with.

In Hunter's New Illustrations of Shakespeare a very curious theory is propounded to explain the real meaning which Shakespeare had in view when he introduced Benedick and Beatrice into the plot of Bandello's novel. Starting from the poor jest, as Johnson calls it, in the dialogue between Beatrice and Margaret, iii. 4. 47–49:

> '*Beat.* By my troth, I am exceeding ill: heigh-ho!
> *Marg.* For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?
> *Beat.* For the letter that begins them all, H:'

Mr. Hunter supposes that 'H was intended to suggest to the intelligent at once both *ache* and something else—*Herbert*.' By Herbert is meant no less a person than William Herbert, son of Henry Earl of Pembroke and Mary Sydney, who is thought to be the 'Mr. W. H.' of the Dedication to Shakespeare's Sonnets. It is known from the letters of Rowland Whyte in the Sydney Correspondence that in 1599 an attempt was made to bring about a marriage between William Lord Herbert and a daughter of the Lord Admiral, Howard Earl of Nottingham. The attempt failed, but Mr. Hunter believes that Shakespeare was aware of it, and sums up his account of the negotiations in the following conclusion: 'What I contend for is this: that the poet was cognizant of the design to bring about the union of his noble friend with a certain noble lady, and that out of this design

arose the second plot of this play, those characters and incidents which are added by the English poet to the story of Hero as he found it in Bandello. Shakespeare, however, makes the scheme successful, which is the opposite of the result of any such scheming in the real story. This is as if Shakespeare had said :—Some ingenious devices have been tried and failed, I will show you how such a design might have been carried out to a successful issue; and this he has done so skilfully that the whole has an air of being perfectly in nature.'

All this baseless fabric of a vision is imagined in order to give a hidden meaning to what after all is truly described by Johnson as a poor jest, which probably had no other motive than to raise a laugh and tickle the ears of the groundlings. If Shakespeare had had any such intention as that attributed to him in introducing Benedick and Beatrice into his play, he would have taken care that their parts had more likeness to the originals they were intended to resemble. That Benedick had points in common with a young English nobleman of the period is not improbable, but it is not evident that he was more like Lord Herbert than any other, while, as nothing whatever is known of the Earl of Nottingham's daughter, there is not the slightest foundation for the supposition that she is shadowed forth by Beatrice.

The accompanying illustration of 'the old tale' referred to in i. 1. 187, being too long for the Notes, has necessarily to find a place in the Preface.

In Boswell's edition of 1821 there is printed, on the authority of Mr. Blakeway, the following story which he had heard in his childhood from a great aunt. This, or something like it, may have been 'the old tale' to which Shakespeare refers.

'Once upon a time, there was a young lady (called Lady Mary in the story) who had two brothers. One summer they all three went to a country seat of theirs, which they had not before visited. Among the other gentry in the

neighbourhood who came to see them, was a Mr. Fox, a batchelor, with whom they, particularly the young lady, were much pleased. He used often to dine with them, and frequently invited Lady Mary to come and see his house. One day that her brothers were absent elsewhere, and she had nothing better to do, she determined to go thither; and accordingly set out unattended. When she arrived at the house, and knocked at the door, no one answered. At length she opened it, and went in; over the portal of the hall was written, *Be bold, be bold, but not too bold*: she advanced: over the stair-case, the same inscription: she went up; over the entrance to a gallery, the same: she proceeded: over the door of a chamber,—*Be bold, be bold, but not too bold, lest that your heart's blood should run cold.* She opened it; it was full of skeletons, tubs of blood, &c. She retreated in haste; coming down stairs, she saw out of a window Mr. Fox advancing towards the house, with a drawn sword in one hand, while with the other he dragged along a young lady by her hair. Lady Mary had just time to slip down, and hide herself under the stairs, before Mr. Fox and his victim arrived at the foot of them. As he pulled the young lady up stairs, she caught hold of one of the bannisters with her hand, on which was a rich bracelet. Mr. Fox cut it off with his sword: the hand and bracelet fell into Lady Mary's lap, who then contrived to escape unobserved, and got home safe to her brothers' house.

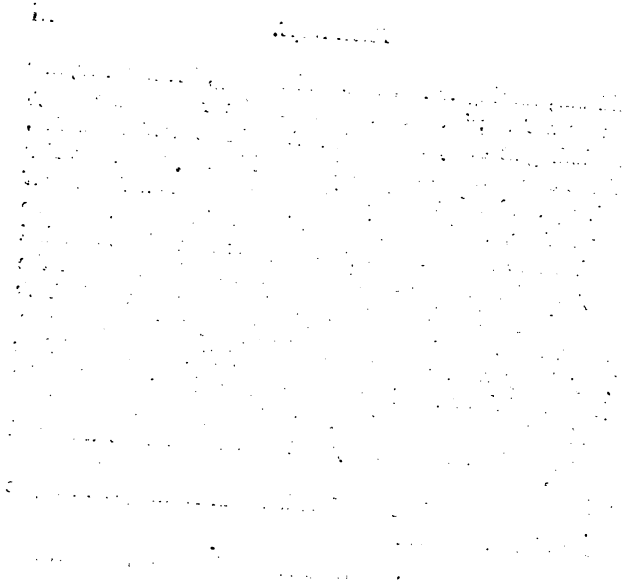
'After a few days, Mr. Fox came to dine with them as usual (whether by invitation, or of his own accord, this deponent saith not). After dinner, when the guests began to amuse each other with extraordinary anecdotes, Lady Mary at length said, she would relate to them a remarkable dream she had lately had. "I dreamt," said she, "that as you, Mr. Fox, had often invited me to your house, I would go there one morning. When I came to the house, I knocked, &c., but no one answered. When I opened the door, over the hall was written, *Be bold, be bold, but not too bold.* But,"

said she, turning to Mr. Fox, and smiling, "*It is not so, nor it was not so*;" then she pursues the rest of the story, concluding at every turn with *It is not so, nor it was not so*, till she comes to the room full of dead bodies, when Mr. Fox took up the burden of the tale, and said, *It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so*: which he continues to repeat at every subsequent turn of the dreadful story, till she came to the circumstance of his cutting off the young lady's hand, when, upon his saying as usual, *It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so*, Lady Mary retorts, *But it is so, and it was so, and here the hand I have to show*, at the same time producing the hand and bracelet from her lap: whereupon the guests drew their swords, and instantly cut Mr. Fox into a thousand pieces.'

This may indeed be Much Ado about Nothing, and I give it for what it is worth

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
2 *June*, 1894.



MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON PEDRO, prince of Arragon.
DON JOHN, his bastard brother.
CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence.
BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua.
LEONATO, governor of Messina.
ANTONIO, his brother.
BALTHASAR, attendant on Don Pedro.
CONRADE, } followers of Don John.
BORACHIO, }
FRIAR FRANCIS.
DOGBERRY, a constable.
VERGES, a headborough.
A Sexton.
A Boy.

HERO, daughter to Leonato.
BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.
MARGARET, } gentlewomen attending
URSULA, } on Hero.

Messengers, Watch, Attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Messina.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Before* LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter LEONATO, HERO, *and* BEATRICE, *with a* Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name. 6

Leon. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part and equally remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returned from the wars or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for indeed I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady: but what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there 's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is 't possible? 61

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio. 69

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere a' be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* BALTHASAR.

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it. 82

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of

your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her? 90

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady; for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you. 100

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me. 113

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher. 119

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

D. Pedro. That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. [*To Don John*] Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all except Benedick and Claudio.*

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No; I pray thee speak in sober judgement.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song? 161

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles and I see no such matter: there 's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife. 170

Bene. Is 't come to this? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it and sigh away Sundays. Look; Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance. 180

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man; I would have you think so; but, on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance. He is in love. With who? now that is your grace's part. Mark how short his answer is;—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: 'it is not so, nor 'twas not so, but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.'

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat and shoot

at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:
'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write 'Here is good horse to hire,' let them signify under my sign 'Here you may see Benedick the married man.' 233

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation. 242

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house, if I had it,—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick. 248

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you. [*Exit.*

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero; she's his only heir.
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O, my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently
And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,
And I will break with her and with her father
And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly you do minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity.
Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest,
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night:
I will assume thy part in some disguise
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio,
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale;
Then after to her father will I break;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in* LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO, *meeting.*

Leon. How now, brother! Where is my cousin, your son? hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt not of.

Leon. Are they good? 5

Ant. As the event stamps them: but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in mine orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him; and question him yourself. 16

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it. [*Enter attendants.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do. O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter DON JOHN *and* CONRADE.

Con. What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance. 9

D. John. I wonder that thou, being, as thou sayest thou art, born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest. 22

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me. 32

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? *Enter* BORACHIO.

What news, Borachio?

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper: the prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage. 39

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato. 49

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me? 62

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A hall in* LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others.*

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if a' could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns'; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell?

Beat. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's

no place for you maids:' so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. [*to Hero*]. Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy and say 'Father, as it please you.' But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy and say 'Father, as it please me.'

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in everything and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother: make good room. [*All put on their masks.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHASAR, DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, *and others, masked.*

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly and look sweetly and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatched.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Drawing her aside.*

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake: for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better: the hearers may cry, Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words: the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so? 110

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales':—well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh? 120

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say. 129

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure not marked or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all except Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.*

D. John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero and hath

withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her: she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don John and Borachio.*

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'Tis certain so; the prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like

a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drovier: so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges. But that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! Ha? It may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a schoolboy, who, being overjoyed with finding a birds' nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been

made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror and perturbation follows her.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the furthest inch of Asia,

bring you the length of Prester John's foot, fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard, do you any embassage to the Pygmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come: you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it.

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord: I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt; I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your grace, pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your grace's pardon. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not

ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O. by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. County Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing: but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will in the interim undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with *your two helps, will* so practise on Benedick that, in

despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter DON JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio—whose estimation do you mightily hold up—to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour anything.

Bora. Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as,—in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window, hear me call Margaret Hero, hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding,—for in the mean time I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent,—and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty that jealousy shall be called assurance and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. LEONATO'S *orchard.*

Enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Boy!

Enter Boy.

Boy. Signior?

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book: bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*] I do much wonder that one *man, seeing* how much another man is a fool when he

dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended
We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

Enter BALTHASAR *with Music.*

D. Pedro. Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency
To put a strange face on his own perfection.
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he swear he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come;
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes;
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing. [*Air.*

Bene. Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished! Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

THE SONG.

Balth. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy:
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha, no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him: and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthasar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exit Balthasar.*] Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay: stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it but that she loves him with an enraged affection; it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: 'Shall I,' says she, 'that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?'

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O, when she had writ it and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her; 'I measure him,' says she, 'by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.'

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; 'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!'

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her that my daughter is sometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself: it is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would make but a sport of it and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In everything but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would have daffed all other respects and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die, if he love her not, and she will die, ere she make her love known, and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he 'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Claud. Before God! and, in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

Claud. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.*

Bene. [*coming forward*]. This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken

on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day! she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her. 224

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come. 230

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner;' there's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me;' that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. LEONATO'S *orchard.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio:

Whisper her ear and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter, like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it: there will she hide her,
To listen our propose. This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it and leave us alone.

Marg. I 'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.
[*Exit.*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay.

Enter BEATRICE, *behind.*

Now begin;
For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.
[*Approaching the bower.*
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the prince and my new-trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O god of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on, and her wit
Values itself so highly that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.

Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antique,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No, not to be so odd and from all fashions
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgement—
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is prized to have—as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, every day, to-morrow. Come, go in:
I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She's limed, I warrant you; we have caught her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*

Beat. [*coming forward*]. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band;
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A room in* LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I: methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love: if he be sad, he *wants money.*

Bene. I have the toothache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the toothache?

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: a' brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, a' rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, *I hear what they say of him.*

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear. [*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter DON JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you!

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you: yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. [*To Claudio*] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will

manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage;—surely suit ill spent and labour ill bestowed.

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who, Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented! so will you say when you have seen the sequel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A street.*

Enter DOGBERRY *and* VERGES *with the Watch.*

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

First Watch. Hugh Otecake, sir, or George Seacole; for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbour Seacole. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

Sec. Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dog. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

Sec. Watch. How if a' will not stand?

Dog. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the

streets; for for the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

Watch. Well, sir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

Dog. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge:—you, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by 'r lady, that I think a' cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dog. Ha, ah, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own; and good night. Come, neighbour.

Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu: be vigitant, I beseech you. [*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*

Enter BORACHIO *and* CONRADE.

Bora. What, Conrade!

Watch. [*Aside*] Peace! stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside*] Some treason, masters: yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion. 110

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. [*Aside*] I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven year; a' goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house. 118

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry.

Con. All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion? 129

Bora. Not so, neither: but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell *this tale vilely*:—I should first tell thee how the prince,

Claudio and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

First Watch. We charge you, in the prince's name, stand!

Sec. Watch. Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

First Watch. And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; a' wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters,—

Sec. Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

First Watch. Never speak: we charge you let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. HERO'S *apartment.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit.*

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I 'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, 's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin 's a fool, and thou art another: I 'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown 's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, 's but a night-gown in respect of yours: cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on 't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, 'saving your reverence, a husband': an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I 'll offend nobody: is there any *harm in* 'the heavier for a husband'? None, I think, an

it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap's into 'Light o' love'; that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Ye light o' love, with your heels! then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill: heigh-ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. *By my troth,* I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickest her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus. 71

Marg. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think perchance that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list, nor I list not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love or that you will be in love or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry, and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted I know not, but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do. 83

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another room in* LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter LEONATO, *with* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dog. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dog. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find it in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ah?

Dog. Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dog. A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out: God help us! it is a world to see. Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges: well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshipped; all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dog. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dog. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dog. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I 'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.*

Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacole; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dog. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that shall drive some of them to a noncome: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A church.*

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR FRANCIS, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, *and attendants.*

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady.

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her: friar, you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count.

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave:
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.
There, Leonato, take her back again:
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say: if I have known her,
You will say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it:
You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so: but what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O, God defend me! how am I beset!
What kind of catechizing call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden. Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother and this grieved count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are not to be named, my lord,
Not to be spoke of:
There is not chastity enough in language
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[Hero swoons.

Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think. Help, uncle!
Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick! Friar!

Leon. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand.
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero!

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,
Who smirched thus and mired with infamy,
I might have said 'No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins'?
But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her,—why, she, O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea

Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul-tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,
Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little; for I have only been
Silent so long and given way unto
This course of fortune . . . .
By noting of the lady I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be.
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accused of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead:
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? what will this do?

Friar. Marry, this well carried shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:

But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excused
Of every hearer: for it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed; then shall he mourn,
If ever love had interest in his liver,
And wish he had not so accused her,
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should *with your* body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented: presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and endure.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Beatrice.*

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you: is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why, then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do anything for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here: there is no love in you: nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice,—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice,—

Beat. Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now

as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead: and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A prison.*

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and* Sexton, *in gowns; and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

Dog. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sex. Which be the malefactors?

Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dog. Pray, write down, Borachio. Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dog. Write down, master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God?

Con. } Yea, sir, we hope.
Bora. }

Dog. Write down, that they hope they serve God: and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dog. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear: sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you we are none.

Dog. Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none?

Sex. Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that's the eftest way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

First Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sex. What heard you him say else?

Sec. Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Dog. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by mass, that it is.

Sex. What else, fellow?

First Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sex. What else?

Watch. This is all.

Sex. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before and show him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dog. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in the hands—

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dog. God's my life, where's the sexton? let him write down the prince's officer coxcomb. Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dog. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an ass! But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before* LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine
And let it answer every strain for strain,
As thus for thus and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem!' when he should groan,
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: for, brother, men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure

The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace. I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Ant. Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

Enter DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord:
Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou:—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man; never fleer and jest at me:
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As under privilege of age to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forced to lay my reverence by
And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors;
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, framed by thy villany!

Claud. My villany?

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child:
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:—
But that's no matter; let him kill one first;
Win me and wear me; let him answer me.
Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, follow me:
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself. God knows I loved my niece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,—
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie and cog and flout, deprave and slander,
Go anticly, show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter: 100
Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death:
But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing
But what was true and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No? Come, brother; away! I will be heard.

Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.*

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek. 110

Enter BENEDICK.

Claud. Now, signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What thinkest thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale. Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. [*Aside to Claudio*] You are a villain; I jest not: I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast, a feast?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: 'True,' said she, 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit:' 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one.' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit:' 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise:' 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues:' 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues: yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily and said she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and, moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man'?

Bene. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother the bastard is fled from Messina: you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet: and, till then, peace be with him. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee.

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad. Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

Dog. Come you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now? two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dog. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: what's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who in the night overheard me confessing to this man how Don John your

brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero, how you were brought into the orchard and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments, how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villany they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is composed and framed of treachery:
And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dog. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter: and, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO, *with the* Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes,
That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:
Here stand a pair of honourable men;
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.

I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:
Record it with your high and worthy deeds:
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience;
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I:
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;
That were impossible: but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died; and if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb
And sing it to her bones, sing it to-night:
To-morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us:
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I believe was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not,
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me,

But always hath been just and virtuous
In anything that I do know by her.

Dog. Moreover, sir, which indeed is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say he wears a key in his ear and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath used so long and never paid that now men grow hard-hearted and will lend nothing for God's sake: pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dog. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dog. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dog. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship! I wish your worship well; God restore you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it! Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

Leon. [*To the Watch*] Bring you these fellows on.
We'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt, severally.*

SCENE II. LEONATO'S *garden.*

Enter BENEDICK *and* MARGARET, *meeting.*

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me! why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches. 11

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids. 21

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.

Bene. And therefore will come. [*Exit Margaret.*

[*Sings*] The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean in singing; but in loving, Leander the good

swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby,' an innocent rhyme; for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard rhyme; for 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee? 40

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now: and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed. 49

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will. 61

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart!

If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question: why, an hour in clamour and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy: and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil at home: it is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A church.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and three or four with tapers.*

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

A Lord. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*Reading out of a scroll*]

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters: each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed 's
Than this for whom we render'd up this woe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A room in* LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA, FRIAR FRANCIS, *and* HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd.
[*Exeunt Ladies.*
The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me. You know your office, brother:
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me; one of them.
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof I think you had from me,
From Claudio and the prince: but what's your will?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the state of honourable marriage:
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.
Here comes the prince and Claudio.

Enter DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO, *and two or three others.*

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio:
We here attend you. Are you yet determined
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.

Leon. Call her forth, brother; here's the friar ready.
[*Exit Antonio.*

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?

Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.
Tush, fear not, man; we'll tip thy horns with gold
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Claud. For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.

Re-enter ANTONIO, *with the* Ladies *masked.*

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand: before this holy friar,
I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife. [*Unmasking.*
And when you loved, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero!

Hero. Nothing certainer:
One Hero died defiled, but I do live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I 'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?

Beat. [*Unmasking*] I answer to that name. What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no; no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle and the prince and Claudio
Have been deceived; they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no; no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin Margaret and Ursula
Are much deceived; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her;
For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts. Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace! I will stop your mouth. [*Kissing her.*

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends: let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my word; therefore play, music. Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn. 121

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance. Exeunt.*

NOTES.

Dramatis Personae. In the lists of persons given by Rowe and Pope is included 'Innogen, wife to Leonato.' The stage direction at the opening of the play in the Quarto and Folios is 'Enter Leonato gouernour of Messina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, with a messenger.' And at the beginning of the second Act we find: 'Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, and a kinsman.' But as Leonato's wife takes no part in the play, and as it is incredible that Hero's mother could have looked on in silence at the crisis of her daughter's fortunes, her name was properly omitted by Theobald, who remarks, 'It seems as if the poet had in his first Plan design'd such a Character; which, on a Survey of it, he found would be superfluous; and therefore he left it out.'

ACT I.

Scene I.

1, 8. *Don Pedro* is Rowe's correction of *Don Peter* as it stands in the Quarto and Folios, which have *Don Pedro* elsewhere.

6. *sort.* It is disputed whether in this passage 'sort' is used in the sense of 'kind,' or of 'rank' or 'condition.' In the former case 'name' must mean 'title,' and in the latter 'military reputation,' as in Richard II, ii. 3. 56:

'And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Seymour;
None else of name and noble estimate.'

It is a matter of indifference which alternative is taken; but it is worth noting that a few lines lower down, l. 28, 'sort' undoubtedly means 'rank.'

13. *hath indeed better bettered expectation,* &c., hath surpassed expectation more than you must expect me to be able to describe.

15. *will,* who will.

19. *a badge of bitterness.* Compare Sonnet xliv. 14: 'heavy tears, badges of either's woe.' A badge was a mark of service, worn by the

retainers of a nobleman; hence appropriately used for a mark of inferiority, and as such an expression of modesty.

21. *In great measure*, abundantly. The Authorised Version of Psalm lxxx. 5 is 'and givest them tears to drink in great measure,' where the Prayer-Book Version has 'and givest them plenteousness of tears to drink.'

23. *truer*, more honest, more genuine. Compare Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 487 :

'Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.'

25. *Signior Mountanto*. 'Montanto' and 'Montant' were terms of the fencing-school, the latter being defined by Cotgrave as 'an vpright blow, or thrust.' Beatrice therefore indicates in her lively way that Benedick is a professional fencer or bravo.

28. *of any sort*, of any rank. Compare Henry V, iv. 7. 142, 'It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort.'

32. *set up his bills*, issued a public challenge. Steevens quotes from Nashe's Have with you to Saffron Walden (1596), ed. Grosart, iii. 179, 'Setting vp bills, like a Bear-ward or Fencer, what fights we shall haue, and what weapons she will meete me at.' According to Beatrice, Benedick was also a professed lady-killer, and had even the vanity to challenge Cupid.

33. *the flight* was an arrow for shooting at long distances. See Ben Jonson, Cynthia's Revels, v. 10: 'O yes, here be of all sorts, flights, rovers, and butt-shafts.' Farmer quotes the title-page of an old pamphlet: 'A new post—a marke exceeding necessary for all men's arrows: whether the great man's flight, the gallant's rover, the wise man's pricke-shaft, the poor man's but-shaft, or the fool's bird-bolt.' Cupid's weapon was the butt-shaft or bird-bolt, as we learn from Love's Labour's Lost, i. 2. 181 : 'Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club'; and again, iv. 3. 25 : 'Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap.' This is why the fool is said to have selected it.

35. *the bird-bolt* was a blunt-headed arrow used in shooting with the cross-bow. Being less dangerous, it was a weapon which the domestic fools were allowed to play with. Hence the proverb in Henry V, iii. 7. 132, quoted by Douce, 'a fool's bolt is soon shot.' The Quarto and Folios read 'Burbolt.' Douce in his Illustrations of Shakespeare gives several forms of the bird-bolt.

Ib. killed and eaten. Steevens quotes Henry V, iii. 7. 99:

'*Ram.* He longs to eat the English.
Con. I think he will eat all he kills.'

Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) has: 'Mangeur de charrettes ferrées. A notable kill-cow, monstrous huff-snuff, terrible swaggerer; one that will kill all he meets, and eat all he kills.'

38. *tax*, censure, ridicule. Compare As You Like It, ii. 6. 71:

'Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?'

And i. 2. 91: 'You'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.'

39. *he'll be meet with you*, he'll be even with you, be quits with you. Steevens quotes from Barton Holiday's Technogamia (1618):

'Go meet her, or else she'll be meet with me.'

See also Ben Jonson, Bartholomew Fair, ii. 1: 'Well, I shall be meet with your mumbling mouth one day.'

41. *victual.* Compare Exodus xii. 39: 'Neither had they prepared for themselves any victual.' Shakespeare elsewhere uses the plural form.

Ib. holp, helped. As in iii. 2. 88, and The Tempest, i. 2. 63:

'By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,
But blessedly holp hither.'

42. *a very valiant trencher-man.* Cotgrave defines *Freschedent*, 'A glutton, ravenor, greedie fellow, good trencher-man; one that eats as if he had beene hunger-starued.'

47. *stuffed.* Compare Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 183:

'Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts.'

49. *a stuffed man.* Beatrice is still thinking of Benedick's prowess as a valiant trencher-man. She is free-spoken, but there is no necessity to attribute to her the coarse reference suggested by Farmer, who points out that 'a stuffed man was one of the many cant phrases for a cuckold,' for the sufficient reason that if it were so it would have no point in being applied to Benedick, who was unmarried. Nor is there any ground for supposing that Beatrice checks herself for fear of being misinterpreted.

50. *but for the stuffing,—well*, &c. This punctuation was adopted by Theobald, after Davenant in his Law against Lovers. The Quarto and Folios have 'but for the stuffing well, &c.'

55. *four of his five wits.* As has been observed in a note to Lear, iii. 4. 56 (Clar. Press ed.), the five wits, or intellectual powers, correspond in number to the five senses. Compare Sonnet cxli. 9, 10:

'But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee.'

Also Romeo and Juliet, i. 4. 47, ii. 4. 77.

Ib. halting, limping. See v. 4. 87.

56. *governed.* Compare The Merchant of Venice, iv. i. 134:

'Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf.'

56, 57. *wit enough to keep himself warm.* A proverbial expression which is again alluded to in The Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 268:

'*Kath.* A witty mother! witless else her son.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Kath. Yes: keep you warm.'

Steevens quotes from Ben Jonson, Cynthia's Revels, ii. 1: 'Madam, your whole self cannot but be perfectly wise; for your hands have wit enough to keep themselves warm.' It is still a common saying in Ireland. See Blackwood's Magazine, September, 1893, p. 367.

57. *a difference.* An heraldic term, denoting the mark attached to a coat of arms, by which members of the same family were distinguished from each other. See Hamlet, iv. 5. 183: 'O, you must wear your rue with a difference.'

59. *to be known,* &c. For this use of the infinitive see i. 1. 160, iii. 2. 18.

60. *sworn brother.* 'Sworn brothers' were those who were bound by oath to share each other's fortunes, and were therefore the closest friends. So in Chaucer (Freres Tale, l. 6987, ed. Tyrwhitt), and Richard II, v. i. 20:

'I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity.'

And 1 Henry IV, ii. 4. 7: 'I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers.'

63. *block*, the mould or shape upon which a hat was made. See Lear, iv. 6. 187: 'This' a good block.' And Lyly, Euphues (ed. Arber), p. 324: 'That there is no more hold in a new friend then a new fashion, that Hats alter as fast as the Turner can turne his block.'

64. *is not in your books*, is not in your favour, or, as we now say, in your good books. The origin of the phrase is uncertain, though its meaning is plain. It may be derived either from the memorandum or visiting books which contained a list of personal friends and acquaintances; or from the registers in which the names of members of Colleges and Universities were entered; or from the lists which were kept in great households of the retainers of the family. The first of these is perhaps the most probable. Malone has suggested that, as in the language of courtship 'lover' and 'servant' were synonymous, 'to be in a person's books' was applied equally to the lover and the menial attendant. But this does not suit the relationship between Benedick and Beatrice. For the phrase, see Lyly's Euphues (ed. Arber), p. 374: 'If I were as farre in thy bookes to be beleeued, as thou art in mine to be beloued, thou shouldest either soone be made a wife, or euer remaine a *Virgin.*'

65. *an*, if.

66, 67. *no young squarer*, no quarrelsome young fellow. The verb to square in the sense of to quarrel occurs several times. See Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 41 : 'Mine honesty and I begin to square.'

72. *presently*, immediately, instantly.

75. *hold friends*, keep friends, not quarrel.

77. *You will never run mad* in consequence of catching the Benedick.

80. In the stage direction of the Quarto and Folios Don John is called 'Iohn the Bastard.' This probably accounts for his moody, discontented character. Bacon (*Essay of Envy*, p. 30) says, 'Deformed Persons, and Eunuches, and Old Men, and Bastards, are *Envious*: For he that cannot possibly mend his owne case, will doe what he can to impaire anothers.'

82. *encounter it*, come to meet it.

87. *charge*, literally, burden; hence, responsibility, expense, and so equivalent to 'cost' in l. 81.

91. *a child*, and therefore not to be suspected.

92. *You have it full*, like a home thrust.

93, 94. *fathers herself*, shows who her father is.

99. *will still be talking*, will still keep talking. See iii. 5. 32.

104. *convert*, used intransitively, as in Richard II, v. 1. 66 :

> 'The love of wicked men converts to fear.'

The Geneva Version (1560) of 1 Kings xiii. 33 is 'Howbeit after this, Ieroboam conuerted not from his wicked way.'

107. *could find in my heart*, could make up my mind, resolve. See iii. 5. 20, and As You Like It, ii. 4. 4 : 'I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman.'

109. *A dear happiness*, a precious piece of good luck.

114. *still*, constantly. So in Hamlet, ii. 2. 42 :

> 'Thou still hast been the father of good news.'

115. *predestinate*, predestinated : as 'articulate' for 'articulated,' 1 Henry IV, v. 1. 72 ; 'suffocate' for 'suffocated,' Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 125. It might be maintained that these forms are derived from the Latin form of the participle in *-atus*, but there is no evidence of this, and there are many instances of verbs ending in *d* or *t* the participles of which drop the *d* of the termination. See iii. 2. 1.

Ib. The scratched face was the certain doom of the man who ventured to marry Beatrice.

118. *as yours were*. An instance of the use of the subjunctive mood which is now obsolete. Compare ii. 1. 6 : 'He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick.' In

Latin also the subjunctive is used for the indicative, and its presence is accounted for by the assimilating power of a neighbouring clause.

124. *a jade's trick*, a trick played by a vicious horse. Compare All's Well, iv. 5. 64:

'*Laf.* Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature.'

And Ben Jonson, Every Man in his Humour, iii. 2: 'An you offer to ride me with your collar, or halter either, I may hap shew you a jade's trick, sir.'

126. During this 'skirmish of wit' between Benedick and Beatrice, Don Pedro and Leonato have been conversing apart. The punctuation here adopted was first given in the Cambridge Shakespeare. The Quarto and Folios place a colon at 'all,' and connect 'Leonato' with what follows, and this arrangement is made intelligible by Theobald, who prints 'Leonato,—Signior Claudio, and Signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all.'

133, 134. *my lord: being . . . brother, I*, &c. Capell's punctuation. The Quarto and Folios put a comma at 'lord,' and the longer stop at 'brother.'

135. *I thank you.* Sir John Hawkins observes: 'The poet has judiciously marked the gloominess of Don John's character, by making him averse to the common forms of civility.' He might have added that bluntness of manner does not of necessity indicate honesty of purpose.

137. *Please it*, may it please. For this, and the omission of 'to' before the infinitive, see Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 311:

'Please it your majesty
Command me any service to her thither?'

144. *simple*, sincere.

148–150. Compare Lyly's Euphues (ed. Arber), p. 281: 'I know not how I shold commend your beautie, because it is somwhat to brown, nor your stature being somwhat to low.'

157. *Yea.* According to Sir Thomas More, Yea and Nay are answers to questions framed in the affirmative; Yes and No to questions framed in the negative. But Shakespeare does not always observe this rule, and even in the earliest times the usage appears not to have been consistent. See Marsh, Lectures on the English Language, ed. Smith, pp. 415, 422–425.

158. *a sad brow*, a grave, serious face. Compare As You Like It, iii. 2. 227: 'Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true *maid.*' *And 2 Henry IV*, v. 1. 92: 'O, it is much that a lie with

a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders!'

Ib. the flouting Jack, the mocking knave. Compare The Tempest, iv. 1. 198: 'Monster, your fairy ... has done little better than played the Jack with us'; where there is perhaps a reference to Jack o' Lantern or Will o' the Wisp. For 'Jack,' as a term of contempt, see Romeo and Juliet, iii. 1. 12: 'Thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy.' So also 'bragging Jacks,' The Merchant of Venice, iii. 4. 77; 'twangling Jack,' The Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 159; 'a swearing Jack,' Ibid. ii. 1. 290. For 'flout' see below, i. 1. 251, v. 4. 100. Etymologically it is the same as 'flute,' used as a verb, to play the flute; and hence, metaphorically, to cajole, wheedle. Kilian in his Etymologicum Teutonicae Linguae (1777) has 'Fluyten. Fistula canere, tibiis canere, *&* *metaph.* Mentiri, blandè dicere.' Staunton quotes very appropriately from Puttenham's Arte of English Poesie (p. 201, ed. Arber) what is given as an illustration of '*Antiphrasis*, or the Broad floute': 'Or when we deride by plaine and flat contradiction, as he that saw a dwarfe go in the streete said to his companion that walked with him: See yonder gyant: and to a Negro or woman blackemoore, in good sooth ye are a faire one, we may call it the broad floute.'

159. *Cupid*, who is blind.

Ib. hare-finder. In 'The Lawes of the Leash or Coursing' as given in Markham's Country Contentments (1675), p. 42, we find 'That he which was chosen Fewterer, or letter-loose of the Grey-hounds, should receive the Greyhounds match[t] to run together into his Leash, as soon as he came into the field, and to follow next to the Hare-finder till he came unto the Form.' And in Harsnet's Declaration of Popish Impostures (1603), p. 64: 'They that delight in hunting, being men of quality, and sort, when they would entertaine their friends with that pleasing sport, doe vse to haue an Hare-finder, who setting the Hare before, doth bring them speedily to their game.' It is therefore unnecessary to suppose with Dr. Alexander Schmidt that it was 'perhaps originally a *hair-finder*, one who easily finds fault.'

Ib. and Vulcan, who was by trade a smith.

160, 161. *to go in the song*, so as to join in the song.

164, 165. *no such matter*, nothing of the kind. So in Sonnet lxxxvii. 14:

'In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.'

172. *with suspicion*, so as by keeping his cap on to make others suspect that it may conceal the horns of a cuckold; Henderson quotes from Painter's Palace of Pleasure, vol. i. fol. 233 [for 229] (ed. 1569): 'All they y^t^ weare hornes, be pardoned [i.e. permitted] to weare their capps vpon their heads.'

173. *Go to* is equivalent to our 'Come, come.'

175. *sigh away Sundays*, when you will have most leisure to reflect on your captive condition.

177. Re-enter Don Pedro. The old editions have, Enter don Pedro, Iohn the bastard. But it is clear that Don John was not present at the dialogue between Don Pedro and Claudio, which was overheard by Borachio and communicated by him to his master in Act i. Scene 3.

184. *With who?* So Othello, iv. 2. 99:

'*Emil.* Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?
Des. With who?'

186. *so were it uttered* or disclosed. 'So' appears to refer to Benedick's abruptness in revealing the secret: so shortly, keeping up the play on words.

187. *the old tale.* See the Preface.

193. *to fetch me in*, to take me in, entrap me.

194. *troth*, faith; A. S. *treówð*: now only used in the phrase to 'plight troth.'

196. *my two faiths and troths*, my faith and troth to you both.

203, 204. *in the despite of beauty*, in despising beauty.

205, 206. *in the force of his will*, by wilful obstinacy; not by argument, or because he believed what he said.

209. *a recheat* was a lesson or set of notes on the horn used on various occasions in hunting. In the Quarto and Folios it is spelt, as it was no doubt pronounced, 'rechate.' Drayton in his Polyolbion (xiii. 127) uses it as a verb:

'Rechating with his horne, which then the Hunter cheeres,
Whilst still the lustie Stag his high-palm'd head vp-beares.'

It is impossible to say precisely what the word 'recheat' means, and its etymology is only guessed at. Blount in his Glossographia suggests that it is from the Fr. *rechercher*, 'because oftentimes, when they wind this lesson, the Hounds have lost their game, or hunt a game unknown.' Skinner (Etymologicum Linguae Anglicanae) derives it from the Fr. *rachet*, redemptio, *racheter*, redimere. Hanmer defines it as 'a particular lesson upon the horn to call dogs back from the scent; from the old French word *Recet* which was used in the same sense as *Retraite*.' One of the forms given by Godefroy (Dict. de l'ancienne Langue Française) for the old verb *receter* is *rechaiter*, and for *recet* he gives *rechet* and *rechiet*, so that Hanmer may be on the right track; but there is no evidence that *receter* and *recet* were hunting terms. Among the 'Antient Hunting Notes,' given in The Gentleman's Recreation, we find 'A Recheat when the Hounds Hunt a right Game,' 'The Double Recheat,' 'The Treble or S^r^ Hewets Recheat,' 'A New Warbling Recheat for any *Chace*,' 'The Royal Recheat,' 'A Running Recheat with very quick

time,' and 'A Recheat or Farewell at parting.' In fact a recheat appears to be almost anything but what the books describe it as being. It was sounded at the death of the fox, as we learn from The Returne from Parnassus, ii. 5 (p. 106, ed. Macray): 'When you blow the death of your Fox in the field or couert, then must you sound 3. notes, with 3. windes, and recheat.' See also the old English poem Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight, l. 1911.

Ib. winded, sounded. Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) gives 'Corner. To sound a Cornet, to wind a Horne.'

210. *baldrick*, a leather belt. Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) has 'Baudrier: m. A hide, skin, or peece of dressed, curried, and coloured Cowes leather; also, a belt, baudricke, or sword-girdle of that leather.' It appears to have been also used for a necklace. 'Baldrike for a ladyes necke—*carcan*' (Palsgrave).

211. *pardon me*, excuse me from doing so. See ii. 1. 111. Benedick implies that he will neither have his shame published nor silently endure it.

213. *the fine*, the conclusion. So in All's Well, iv. 4. 35:

> 'All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;
> Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.'

And, with a play on words as here, in Hamlet, v. 1. 115: 'Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt?'

Ib. the which, which; like the French *lequel*. See ii. 1. 24, iii. 2. 52.

217. *lose more blood*, by blood-consuming or blood-drinking sighs (2 Henry VI, iii. 2. 61, 63). See A Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 97:

> 'All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer,
> With sighs of love that costs the fresh blood dear.'

218. *with drinking*. See 2 Henry IV, iv. 3. 110–113: 'The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale.'

219. *a ballad-maker's pen*, the worthless instrument by which the misfortunes of lovers are celebrated.

222. *argument*, subject of discourse. See ii. 3. 11.

223. *a bottle*, probably a twiggen bottle (Othello, ii. 3. 152), or wicker basket, in which our rude forefathers appear to have enclosed a cat, real or fictitious, as a mark for their archers, like the popinjay in Old Mortality. In Brand's Popular Antiquities (ed. Ellis, 1849), iii. 39, an account is given of a barbarous custom, said to have been practised at Kelso at the end of the last century, by which a cat was put in a barrel partly filled with soot. But even if true this sport has nothing in common with that referred to by Benedick, for there is no shooting, and the poor

animal is beaten to death. Steevens quotes from a black-letter pamphlet, called Warres, or the Peace is Broken: 'arrowes flew faster than they did at a catte in a basket, when Prince Arthur, or the Duke of Shordich, strucke up the drumme in the field.'

225. *Adam.* Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly, were three famous Cumberland archers, whose prowess is celebrated in a ballad printed by Bishop Percy in his Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.

227. *In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.* The same quotation occurs in Watson's Ecatompathia (1582), Sonnet 47, in the form,

'In time the Bull is brought to weare the yoake.'

It was thence copied in Kyd's Spanish Tragedy, ii. 1:

'In time the savage bull sustains the yoke.'

The original may either have been Ovid, Tristia, iv. 6. 1:

'Tempore ruricolae patiens fit taurus aratri';

or Art. Am. i. 471:

'Tempore difficiles veniunt ad aratra juvenci.'

230. *vilely.* See note on iii. i. 65.

232. *signify,* announce, give notice. So in The Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 51:

'Signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand.'

235. *horn-mad,* raving mad; mad as a mad bull, according to the common explanation. But 'horn' may be a corruption of the Scottish and North-country word 'harns' for brains, akin to the German *Hirn,* whence *Hirnwuth,* frenzy. Another form is 'horn-wood.' Whatever the etymology, there is no doubt the word was always understood in the sense given above. Compare The Merry Wives of Windsor, iii. 5. 155: 'If I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me: I'll be horn-mad.' And Comedy of Errors, ii. i. 57:

'*Dro. E.* Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.
Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain!
Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad.'

237. *in Venice,* which was famous for intrigues. Compare Greene's Neuer Too Late (Works, ed. Grosart, viii. 221): 'Hearing that of all the Cities in Europe, Venice hath most semblance of Venus vanities'; and (p. 222), 'Because therefore this great Citie of Venice is holden Loues Paradize, thether doo I direct my pilgrimage.'

239. *you will temporize with the hours,* you will come to terms as time goes on. See King John, v. 2. 125:

'The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties.'

244. *embassage*, errand. See ii. 1. 241.

244, 245. *and so I commit you*— Claud. *To the tuition of God.* A common form of ending letters in the sixteenth century. Compare Thomas Alvard to Thomas Cromwell (Ellis, Original Letters, First Series, i. 310): 'A[nd thus] makyng an ende I commit you to the tuicion and g[uidance of] Almyghty God. From Saint Albons the xxiijth S[ep]tember.'

247. *The sixth of July*, old Midsummer Day, an appropriate date for such Midsummer madness. See Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 61.

250. *sometime*, sometimes; with which it is used interchangeably. See iii. 3. 121–124.

Ib. guarded, embroidered, trimmed, ornamented. See The Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 164:

'Give him a livery,
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.'

251. *guards*, trimmings. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 58:

'O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose.'

Ib. flout. See above, l. 158.

252. *old ends*, old scraps of quotations. Compare Richard III, i. 3. 337:

'And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends stolen out of holy writ.'

Ben Jonson has an epigram (53), 'To Oldend Gatherer.'

Ib. examine your conscience, and see whether they do not apply to yourself.

260. *affect*, love. So in Merry Wives, ii. 1. 115: 'Sir John affects thy wife.' And Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 28: 'Maria once told me she did affect me.'

264. *liking . . . love.* The same gradation occurs in As You Like It, v. 2. 2, 3: 'Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and loving woo?'

269. *wars.* Collier prints 'wars,—' as if the Prince interrupted Claudio. There is no necessity for this.

273. *break*, communicate. See below, l. 290, and note on Julius Caesar, ii. 1. 150: 'Let us not break with him.'

273, 274. The words 'and with her father And thou shalt have her' are omitted in the Folios, the printer's eye having caught the second 'her.'

277. *complexion*, external appearance. As in Winter's Tale, i. 2. 381:

'Your changed complexions are to me as a mirror.'

279. *salved*, literally, anointed; hence, softened down, palliated.

See Coriolanus, iii. 2. 70:

'Speak fair: you may salve so
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.'

Ib. treatise, discourse, narrative. So in Macbeth, v. 5. 12:

'My fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't.'

And Venus and Adonis, 774:

'Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.'

280. *What need the bridge*, &c. For the construction see Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 1. 158:

'*Val.* Why, she hath not writ to me?
Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself?'

And Henry VIII, ii. 4. 128: 'What need you note it?'

Ib. the flood, the stream or river. So in Henry V, i. 2. 45:

'Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe.'

And in the Authorised Version of Joshua xxiv. 2: 'Your fathers dwelt on the other side of the flood in old time.'

281. *The fairest grant is the necessity*, the best boon, as Staunton explains it, is that which answers the necessities of the case. The best answer to a demand is that which exactly meets it. There is no need to alter the text.

282. *'tis once.* So much is certain, there can be no question about it. Compare Coriolanus, ii. 3. 1: 'Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.'

283. *fit*, suit, furnish. See ii. 1. 50.

286. *bosom*, used metaphorically as the receptacle of secrets. So in Julius Caesar, ii. 1. 305:

'And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.'

Ib. unclasp my heart as if it were a book in which his secrets were written. Compare Twelfth Night, i. 4. 13:

'I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul.'

290. *after*, afterwards. As in The Tempest, iii. 2. 158: 'The sound is going away; let 's follow it, and after do our work.'

Ib. break. See l. 273.

Scene II.

Enter Leonato, &c. The Quarto, followed by the Folios, has 'Enter Leonato and an old man brother to Leonato.' That his name was Antonio appears from ii. 1. 99, v. i. 91, 100.

5. *they.* 'News' is often used as a plural. For instance, in ii. 1. 154; and 1 Henry IV, iii. 2. 121:

'But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?'

8. *a thick-pleached alley*, a walk between trees thickly intertwined. For 'alley,' Fr. *allée*, see iii. 1. 16; and for 'pleached' see iii. 1. 7

Ib. in mine orchard. The conversation here referred to, if it took place at all, must have been different from that recorded in the last scene, which was either in or before Leonato's house. There may have been a sufficient interval between the two scenes to allow of a second conversation in Antonio's orchard on the same subject, which his servant overheard imperfectly and misreported. And Borachio in the next scene seems to have been listening to what took place in Scene 1, and in that case the scene should clearly be in Leonato's house and not before it. Yet it could not have been so: see i. 1. 178, 240. Probably Shakespeare was careless about the matter, which is of no importance.

10. *discovered*, disclosed, revealed. See ii. 3. 143.

12. *accordant*, agreeable, of the same mind.

12, 13. *to take the present time by the top.* Compare All's Well, v. 3. 39:

'Let's take the instant by the forward top.'

Another version of the phrase 'to take time by the forelock.'

14. *wit*, sense, understanding. See ii. 3. 171.

17, 18. *appear itself*, become self-evident. Dyce and others have proposed to read 'approve.'

19. *if peradventure*, if perchance. See ii. 1. 131.

20. Enter attendants. Some such .stage-direction is necessary to explain what follows. Theobald has, 'Several cross the Stage here': Capell, 'Enter several persons, bearing things for the Banquet.'

21. *Cousins.* 'Cousins,' says Steevens, 'were anciently enrolled among the dependants, if not the domesticks, of great families, such as that of Leonato.' Dyce, following Johnson, here reads 'cousin,' and explains it of Antonio's son, who is mentioned in the first line of the scene.

21, 22. *I cry you mercy*, I beg your pardon. See ii. 1. 307, and A Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 1. 182: 'I cry your worships mercy, heartily.

Scene III.

1. *What the good-year!* an interjectional expression of frequent occurrence but unknown origin. Hanmer invented a French equivalent for it, which has apparently no other existence than in his invention; *goujère* a disease contracted from a *gouge* or camp-follower. It may possibly be a corruption of *quad yere* = bad year, which occurs in Chaucer, and would so be equivalent to the Italian imprecation *mal'*

anno! Or it may be a euphemism for the latter. See note on King Lear, v. 3. 24. When Sir Thomas More was in the Tower, his wife, 'like a simple ignorant woman, and somewhat worldlie to, with this manner of salutation homelie saluted him. "What a good yeer, Mr. More, quoth she, I marvaile that yow that hetherto have binne taken for a wiseman will now soe plaie the foole to lie heere in this close filthie prison."' (Life of Sir T. More, by Roper, ed. 1731, p. 88.)

8, 9. *sufferance*, endurance. As in The Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 111:

'For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.'

11. *born under Saturn*, the planet which predominated over those of a gloomy and morose temper.

Ib. goest about, endeavourest. See iv. 1. 63, and A Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 1. 212: 'Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream.' So in Romans x. 3: 'Going about to establish their own righteousness.'

11, 12. *a moral medicine*, like patching grief with proverbs, v. 1. 17, or giving preceptial medicine to rage.

12. *mortifying*, mortal, deadly. Compare The Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 82:

'And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.'

Ib. mischief. In Lyly's Euphues (ed. Arber), p. 107, there is the same alliterative contrast between medicine and mischief: 'Be as earnest to seeke a medicine, as you were eager to run into a mischiefe.'

15. *tend on*, wait on. So in Troilus and Cressida, v. 1. 79:

'Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.'

16. *claw*, scratch, tickle; hence, to flatter.

18. *controlment*, restraint, compulsion. See Titus Andronicus, ii. 1. 68:

'Without controlment, justice, or revenge.'

20. *grace*, favour. As in Macbeth, i. 6. 30:

'We love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.'

23. *a canker*, a dog-rose. Compare 1 Henry IV, i. 3. 176:

'To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke.'

The word is still used in some provincial dialects.

24. *blood*, temper, disposition. See 2 Henry IV, iv. 4. 38:

'When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth.'

25. *of* is frequently used with the agent or instrument after a passive verb. See iii. 3. 164; iv. 1. 216.

Ib. a carriage, a demeanour, bearing. As in Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 81: *'A sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue.'*

Ib. to rob love, to steal love. 'Rob' is generally used with the accusative of the person robbed, not of the thing stolen. But in The Tempest, ii. 2. 155, we have the same construction as in this passage: 'When 's god 's asleep, he 'll rob his bottle.'

27. *it must not be denied but that I am* is equivalent to 'it must not be said that I am not.'

31. *that*, that which. As in iii. 2. 86.

34. *I use it only*, I make use of nothing else.

37. *I came*, I am come. The same tense is used in Julius Caesar v. 5. 3:

'Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back.'

And Richard III, v. 3. 277: 'Who saw the sun to-day?' In these cases we should now say 'He is not come back,' and 'Who has seen the sun to-day?' Similarly, in Genesis xliv. 28: 'I said, Surely he is torn in pieces; and I saw him not since.'

40. *model*, groundplan. Compare 2 Henry IV, i. 3. 42:

'When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model.'

41. *What is he for a fool?* What kind of fool is he? The same expression occurs in Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar, April:

'What is he for a Ladde you so lament?'

And in Ben Jonson, The Silent Woman, iii. 1: 'What is he for a vicar?' Again, in Every Man out of his Humour, iii. 1: 'What is he for a creature?'

46. *A proper squire*, a fine fellow, used ironically. See iv. 1. 305: 'A proper saying!' And Othello, iv. 2. 145:

'Some such squire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without.'

50. *March-chick*, early hatched, and so, precocious.

52. *entertained for*, engaged as. So in Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 4. 110:

'Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.'

53. *smoking a musty room*. The virtues of fresh air were not understood in Shakespeare's time, and what was disagreeable was rather concealed than removed. Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, quoted by Steevens, ed. 1632, p. 261, says, 'The smoake of juniper is in greate request with us at Oxford, to sweeten our chambers.' According to Muffet (Healths Improvement, ed. 1655, p. 25), it 'retaineth his sent and substance a hundred years.'

53, 54. *comes me . . . whipt me*. The pronoun in such phrases, though superfluous in the construction, gives a touch of personal interest to the narrator *in his story*. See iii. 3. 133; The Merchant of Venice,

ii. 2. 115: 'Give me your present to one Master Bassanio'; and Julius Caesar, i. 2. 267: 'He plucked me ope his doublet.' Compare also the use of 'you' in ii. 3. 102, and of 'thee' in iii. 3. 94.

54. *in sad conference*, in serious conversation. See i. 1. 58, and ii. 3. 202.

55. *arras*, tapestry hangings; so called from having been made originally at Arras. They were used frequently as places of concealment. See King John, iv. 1. 2:

'Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras.'

And Hamlet, ii. 2. 163:

'Be you and I behind an arras then.'

58. *let us thither*. For the ellipsis of the verb of motion see Abbott, Shakespeare Grammar, § 405.

59. *start-up*, upstart. Mr. Deighton quotes Middleton, Women beware Women, iv. 1. 111: 'A poor, base start-up.'

60. *cross*, thwart; with a reference to the other meaning of the word, to make the sign of the cross, as is evident from 'bless' which follows. See ii. 2. 3.

61. *sure*, trusty, to be depended on. So in 1 Henry IV, iii. 1. 1:

'These promises are fair, the parties sure.'

64. *cheer*, enjoyment, cheerfulness. See Richard III, v. 3. 74:

'I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.'

66. *go prove*. In such phrases 'go' is almost redundant. See The Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 71:

'You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height.'

ACT II.

Scene I.

The stage direction in the Quarto and Folios is 'Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, and a kinsman.' See note at the opening of the play.

4. *heart-burned*. The heart-burn is said to be caused by acidity.

6. *were . . . were*. For a similar use of the subjunctive see i. 1. 117, 118.

9. *my lady's eldest son*, a spoilt child, and therefore allowed to talk constantly. See The Puritan (p. 264, col. 1, ed. 1685): 'To towre *among Sons and Heirs*, and Fools, and Gulls, and Ladies eldest Sons.'

17. *shrewd*, mischievous, ill-natured; generally applied to one sharp of tongue. As in A Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 323:

'O, when she 's angry, she is keen and shrewd!'

18. *curst*, vixenish, ill-tempered. So in The Taming of the Shrew, i. 1. 185:

'Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd.'

20. *God sends a curst cow short horns.* Another form of the proverb is quoted in Froude's History of England (iv. 512): 'God sends a shrewd cow short horns,' says Lord Surrey to Blage.

24. *Just*, exactly so. See v. 1. 159, and As You Like It, iii. 2. 281:

'*Jaq.* Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.'

25. *I am at him*, I appeal to him, urge him.

27. *I had rather lie in the woollen.* That is, according to the interpretation given by Steevens, 'I had rather lie between blankets, without sheets.' It has been supposed that it might mean 'I had rather be dead and buried in a woollen shroud,' but the custom of burying in woollen appears not to have come in till the Act of 18 & 19 Charles the Second for the protection of the woollen trade, which made it compulsory for all to be buried in woollen.

34. *in earnest*, as a pledge of engaging myself in his service.

35. *the bear-ward.* The Quarto and two earlier Folios have 'Berrord,' while the third and fourth Folios read 'Bearherd,' and this is no doubt one form of the word. Schmidt in his Shakespeare Lexicon asserts that it is the only form in Shakespeare. It occurs thus in The Taming of the Shrew, Ind. 2. 21, and 2 Henry IV, i. 2. 192. But on the other hand, in The First Part of the Contention, v. 1. 124, which is the original of 2 Henry VI, v. 1. 210, we find

'Dispight the Beare-ward that protects him so,'

while the first Folio of 2 Henry VI reads 'Bearard.' 'Bear-herd' is formed on the analogy of 'shepherd' and 'neat-herd,' but as bears are not kept in flocks or herds it seems likely that 'bear-ward' is the more correct form.

Ib. lead his apes into hell. It was supposed to be the punishment of old maids in a future state to lead apes in hell, perhaps because it was thought fitting that having escaped the plague of children in this life they ought to be tormented with something disagreeably like them in the next. The expression is of frequent occurrence. In The Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 34, Katharina says:

'I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.'

It occurs in Lyly's Euphues (ed. Arber), p. 75: 'But certes I will either lead a virgins life in earth (though I lead Apes in hel) or els follow thee

rather then thy gifts.' And again, p. 87: 'For I had rather thou shouldest leade a lyfe to thine owne lyking in earthe, then to thy great torments, leade Apes in Hell.'

37. *but*, only. See l. 130.

41. *away to Saint Peter for the heavens;* &c., &c. This punctuation is Pope's. The Quarto and Folios have *away to saint Peter: for the heavens*, &c., &c., thus making 'for the heavens' an ejaculation, as in The Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 12: 'For the heavens, rouse up a brave mind.' Cotgrave (Fr. Dict. s. v. *Haut*) has 'Faire haut le bois. . . . to quaffe, tipple, carouse for the heavens.'

42. *merry*. In the sixteenth century this word was used in the sense of 'joyful' and without the notion of levity which now attaches to it. For instance, in the Prayer-Book Version of Psalm xlvii. 5: 'God is gone up with a merry noise.' And Sir Thomas More (Life by Roper, ed. 1731, p. 98) said to the Constable of the Tower, 'Good Mr Kingstone, trouble not your selfe, but be of good cheere: For I will praie for you and my good Ladie your wife that wee maie meet in Heaven together, wheare we shall be merrie for ever and ever.'

54. *with*, by. As in iii. 1. 66, 79, 80; v. 1. 116; v. 4. 123.

55. *I'll none*, I'll have none of them, nothing to do with them. So in Twelfth Night, i. 3. 115: 'She'll none o' the count.' And Psalm lxxi. 11: 'Israel would none of me.'

59. *in that kind*, in that manner. See iv. 1. 196.

61. *in good time*. There is the same play upon words in Merry Wives, i. 3. 29: 'His filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.' And in Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 98–100:

'*Mal.* Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches.'

Ib. important, importunate, urgent. Compare Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 138: 'At your important letters.' And All's Well, iii. 7. 21:

'Now his important blood will nought deny
That she'll demand.'

64. *a measure*, a grave and formal dance.

Ib. a cinque pace, a dance in which, says Nares, 'the steps were regulated by the number five.' This is apparently a guess, and does not tell us much. Dr. Murray (English Dict.) quotes Sir John Davies, Orchestra, St. 67:

'Fiue was the number of the Musick's feet,
Which still the daunce did with fiue paces meet.'

66. *mannerly-modest*, decorously modest.

67. *ancientry*, old-fashioned formality.

70. *apprehend*, seize an idea, perceive. See iii. 4. 61.

Ib. shrewdly, *sharply*. In the adjective 'shrewd' and the adverb

'shrewdly' there is a transition from the quickness of temper which distinguishes the shrew, to quickness of wit.

75. In the stage direction of the Quarto, which the Folios follow, instead of 'Balthasar, Don John,' we find 'and Balthaser, or dumb Iohn,' and the other characters are omitted, the Folios only adding 'Maskers with a drum.'

76. *softly*, gently, slowly. So in Julius Caesar, v. 1. 16:

'Octavius, lead your battle softly on.'

82. *favour*, face, countenance. See Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 363:

'I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.'

Ib. defend, forbid. See iv. 2. 18. In Richard III, iii. 7. 81, where the Quartos read 'forbid' the Folios have:

'Marry, God defend his grace should say us nay!'

84–87. Blakeway proposed to arrange these as two lines of fourteen-syllable verse, and his suggestion was adopted by Grant White.

84. The reference is to the visit of Jupiter to the cottage of Baucis and Philemon as told by Ovid, Metam. viii.

Ib. visor, mask. Spelt also *vizor*, *visard*, and *vizard*. In Richard III, ii. 2. 28, the Quartos have 'vizard,' the Folios 'vizor.'

85. *Jove* is the reading of the Quarto. The Folios have 'Love.' Theobald, without knowing of the Quarto, divined the true reading. He points out that the same story is referred to in As You Like It, iii. 3. 10, 11: 'O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!'

88, 91, 93. In the Quarto and Folios these speeches are given to Benedick. Theobald assigned them to Balthasar.

100. *At a word*, in brief. Compare Coriolanus, i. 3. 122:

'*Val.* Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, madam. Indeed, I must not.'

And Holland's Pliny, xvii. 5: 'Well, to speake at a word, surely that ground is best of all other, which hath an aromaticall smell and tast with it.' We find in Cooper's Thesaurus (1584): 'Vno verbo absoluam. Plaut. To make an end shortly: to tell at a worde: I will make an ende at a worde.'

103. *so ill-well*, so successfully imitating a defect. Steevens quotes a parallel expression in The Merchant of Venice, i. 2. 63, 64: 'a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine.'

104. *his dry hand*. A sign of age and decrepitude.

Ib. up and down, all over, altogether. So in Titus Andronicus, v. 2. 107:

'For up and down she doth resemble thee.'

108. *mum*, an interjection enjoining silence. See The Tempest, iii. 2. 59: 'Mum, then, and no more.'

109. *there's an end*, there is no more to be said. So in 1 Henry IV, v. 3. 65: 'If not, honour comes unlooked for, and there 's an end.'

111. *pardon*. See i. 1. 211.

112. *Nor you will not*. For the double negative see iii. 1. 55, v. 1. 6, 286.

115. *the 'Hundred Merry Tales.'* A collection of humorous stories of which an edition appeared in 1866, by Dr. Herman Oesterley, from the only perfect copy known, printed in 1526 by John Rastell, and preserved in the Royal Library of the University of Göttingen.

122. *the prince's jester*. Mary Lamb, in Tales from Shakespeare, acutely remarks on this: 'This sarcasm sunk deeper into the mind of Benedick than all Beatrice had said before. The hint she gave him that he was a coward, by saying she would eat all he had killed, he did not regard, knowing himself to be a brave man: but there is nothing that great wits so much dread as the imputation of buffoonery, because the charge comes sometimes a little too near the truth.'

123. *only his gift is*, his gift is only. For this transposition of the adverb see iii. 1. 23, iii. 2. 7, and Julius Caesar, v. 4. 12: 'Only I yield to die.' Again, Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 51:

'I only swore to study with your grace.'

Ib. impossible slanders, slanders too extravagant for any one to believe.

127. *in the fleet*, among the company. The phrase is perhaps suggested by 'boarded' which follows.

Ib. boarded, accosted. See Twelfth Night, i. 3. 60: '"Accost" is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.'

130. *break*. The figure is taken from breaking a lance at tilting. See ii. 3. 215.

Ib. a comparison, a jest or scoff, which took the form of a disadvantageous comparison, and may be illustrated from Falstaff's vocabulary in 1 Henry IV, ii. 4. 272–277: 'O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck,—

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.'

See Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 854:

'The world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts.'

132, 133. *a partridge wing saved*. Benedick, who has been described by Beatrice as 'a very valiant trencher-man,' is not likely to have made

his supper off a partridge wing. She means that he would eat what he would call no supper because he had not finished up with a little game.

134. *the leaders* of the dance.

138. *amorous on.* We have 'enamoured on' in l. 145, and 'amorous of' occurs in Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 2. 202:

'Made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes.'

139. *break.* See i. 1. 273.

141. *bearing,* carriage, port. See iii. 1. 96.

144. *near my brother,* in my brother's confidence. Staunton compares 2 Henry IV, v. 1. 81: 'If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master.'

151. *to-night.* This qualifies 'swore' not 'marry.' For a similar transposition of the adverb see above, l. 123.

158. *Therefore* (let) *all hearts,* &c.

161. When exposed to the witchcraft of beauty, honour gives way to passion.

Ib. blood, passion. See ii. 3. 151.

162. *accident,* incident, occurrence. So in A Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 1. 73:

'And think no more of this night's accidents
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.'

Ib. of hourly proof, of hourly experience. See ii. 3. 152, and compare Twelfth Night, iii. 1. 135:

''Tis a vulgar proof
That very oft we pity enemies.'

And Julius Caesar, ii. 1. 21:

''Tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder.'

163. *mistrusted,* suspected. As in Winter's Tale, ii. 1. 48: 'All's true that is mistrusted.'

169. *county.* So the Quarto. The Folios have 'Count,' as in l. 321.

Ib. the garland. A willow garland was the emblem of a forsaken lover. See l. 196, and 3 Henry VI, iii. 3. 228:

'Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.'

170. *an usurer's chain,* such as was worn by rich citizens, at a time when portable property was the safest investment. It would seem that usurer and wealthy citizen were synonymous terms. See Cymbeline, iii. 3. 45:

'*Did you* but know the city's usuries.'

172. *drovier*, drover. In Sherwood's English-French Dictionary, at the end of the second edition of Cotgrave (1632), we find, 'A drouier. Revendeur de gros bestail.'

180. *If it will not be*, if it is in vain to ask you to leave me. Compare Venus and Adonis, 607:

'But all in vain; good queen, it will not be.'

And 1 Henry VI, i. 5. 33:

'It will not be: retire into your trenches.'

186. *the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice.* Though it is the disposition of Beatrice to be sarcastic, it is mean of her to put her own sayings into the mouth of others. According to Bacon (Essay xxii) this was called 'The turning of the cat in the pan.' In the old copies the words 'though bitter' are in a parenthesis. Johnson proposed to read 'the base, the bitter,' and Steevens followed him.

187. *gives me out*, reports me, proclaims me. So in Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 203: 'The behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding.'

191, 192. *Lady Fame*, who spreads false reports, like Rumour in the Induction to 2 Henry IV.

192, 193. *as a lodge in a warren*, which is necessarily a lonely dwelling, and solitariness breeds melancholy.

194. *this young lady*, as if Hero were present. In the Quarto both she and Leonato enter with Don Pedro, Don John, Borachio, and Conrade, and at l. 236 Beatrice comes upon the stage with only Claudio. But in the Folios the Prince enters alone at l. 189, and the others at l. 236 as in the text, Don John and his followers being omitted. For 'this' as used here, see iii. 4. 66.

212. *a quarrel to you*, a quarrel against you. See Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 248: 'I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me.'

214. *wronged*, injured by being misrepresented, slandered. For this peculiar sense of the word see v. 1. 63, 67, and Richard III, iv. 4. 211:

'Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.'

Compare The Tempest, i. 2. 443: 'I fear you have done yourself some wrong'; that is, in representing yourself as King of Naples.

215. *misused*, abused, slandered. So in As You Like It, iv. 1. 205: 'You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate.'

216. *but with*, with but. But see note on l. 123.

220, 221. *such impossible conveyance*, such incredible dexterity, as Staunton properly explains it. Warburton proposed to read 'impassable,' Hanmer 'impetuous,' and Johnson 'importable,' but Monck Mason referred to line 123 for 'impossible' in the sense of 'incredible, *inconceivable*,' and Malone quotes Twelfth Night, iii. 2. 77: 'For there is *no Christian . . . can ever* believe such impossible passages of grossness.'

For '**conveyance**' in the sense of sleight of hand, jugglery, trickery, see 1 Henry VI, i. 3. 2:

'Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.'

222. *She speaks poniards.* Compare Hamlet, iii. 2. 414:

'I will speak daggers to her, but use none.'

223, 224. *her terminations*, the points of her words.

226. *all that Adam had left him*, all that was bequeathed him, all to which he was heir, and that was dominion over the rest of the creation.

228. *have turned spit*, that is, performed the most menial office. For the tense compare ii. 3. 78: 'I had as lief have heard the night-raven.'

230. *Ate*, the goddess of discord, as in King John, ii. 1. 63:

'An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife.'

See Additional Note, p. 159.

Ib. some scholar, who knew Latin enough to exorcise an evil spirit. Compare Hamlet, i. 1. 42, where Marcellus, on the appearance of the ghost, says:

'Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.'

231. *conjure.* Spirits were supposed to be laid as well as raised by exorcisms. See Henry V, ii. 1. 57: 'I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me.'

Ib. while she is here, a sanctuary is no refuge from her tongue, and a man may live as quiet in hell.

233. *upon purpose*, on purpose.

Ib. go thither, rather than lead a religious life in a sanctuary within reach of Beatrice.

240. *the length of Prester John's foot.* Prester John was a fabulous Christian King of vast wealth and power who was supposed to live in some inaccessible region in the east of Asia. Marco Polo identifies the original Prester John with Unc Khan, the chief of the Keraits, a Mongol tribe said to have professed Christianity. In the sixteenth century the name was applied to the King of Abyssinia, whose title *Prestegian*, according to Purchas (Pilgrimage, ed. 1614, p. 670), was 'easily deflected and altered to *Priest John*.' Benedick is not thinking so much of the danger of such an enterprise as of its remoteness, which would take him out of the reach of Beatrice.

241. *the great Cham's beard.* The Great Cham or Kaan was the supreme sovereign of the Mongols. In Dekker's Shoemaker's Holiday, v. 5, we find, 'Tamar Chams beard was a rubbing brush toot.' Speaking of what lovers will do for their mistress, Burton (Anat. of Mel. part 3, sect. 2, mem. 4, subs. 1) says, 'If she bid them they will go barefoot to Jerusalem, to the great Chams Court, to the East Indies, to fetch her a bird to wear in her hat.' In the travels which pass under the name of Sir John Maundevile he is called the Emperor of Cathay.

242. *the Pygmies*, according to Marco Polo, were manufactured out of the monkeys of Sumatra. 'Higher in the countrey [India], and above these, even in the edge and skirts of the mountaines, the Pygmæi Spythamei are reported to bee: called they are so, for that they are but a cubite of three shaftments (or spannes) high, that is to say, three times nine inches.' Holland's Pliny, vii. 2.

250. *use*, interest. See Sonnet vi. 5:

'That use is not forbidden usury
Which happies those that pay the willing loan.'

264. *civil*, perhaps sour, bitter, with a pun on Seville. This being the case, there is no advantage in fixing the precise meaning of the word in the phrase 'as civil as an orange,' which is of common occurrence, and is brought in here to indicate Claudio's jealousy. 'Sad' and 'civil' are again associated in Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 5: 'Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil'; that is, grave and decorous.

265. *that jealous complexion*. In The Merry Wives of Windsor, i. 3. 111, Nym says of Page, whom he is about to inform of Falstaff's designs upon his wife, 'I will possess him with yellowness.'

273, 274. *all grace say*, may he who is the fountain of all grace say, &c. There is a similar play upon words in All's Well, ii. 1. 163: 'The great'st grace lending grace.'

266. *blazon*, description; a term of heraldry very commonly misapplied. See Twelfth Night, i. 5. 312:

'Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon';

that is, describe thee five times over.

267. *his conceit*, what he conceives or imagines; his idea. Compare Hamlet, ii. 2. 583:

'His whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit.'

275. *cue*. In the Quarto and Folios 'Qu.' From Fr. *queue*, the tail or end of the previous speech, which indicates to an actor when his turn comes. See A Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 1. 102–104.

283. *poor fool*, used as an expression of tenderness, as in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 4. 98:

'Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him?'

And Twelfth Night, v. 1. 377:

'Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!'

284. *on the windy side of care*, so as to have the advantage of it. The figure is nautical. In naval actions in the old days of sailing-ships it was always an object to get the weather-gage of the enemy. Compare *Troilus and* Cressida, v. 3. 26:

'*Mine honour* keeps the weather of my fate.'

Schmidt explains it as a hunting metaphor, and interprets 'keeps on the windy side of care' to mean 'so that care cannot scent and find it.' But the scent would be carried down by the wind, and this cannot be the explanation. Compare Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 181: 'Still you keep o' the windy side of the law.'

287. *for alliance!* As Claudio has addressed her as cousin, Beatrice exclaims, 'just see what new relation this marriage brings me!' It cannot mean, as Staunton explains it, 'Heaven send me a husband!' however ironically it may be spoken; for 'alliance' does not express the relation of husband and wife to each other, so much as the relation into which they are brought by marriage with the members of their respective families.

287, 288. *goes every one to the world*, gets married. So in All's Well, i. 3. 20: 'If I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.' In As You Like It, v. 3. 5, Audrey says, 'I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world.'

288. *I am sunburnt*, and so not likely to attract a husband. Compare Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 282:

> 'The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth
> The splinter of a lance.'

In Henry V, v. 2. 154, Henry speaks of himself as a fellow 'whose face is not worth sunburning,' because he has no good looks to be spoiled by it. There is possibly a reference to the Song of Songs i. 6, and the expression may be intended to hint at the unsheltered condition of an unmarried woman who had no home of her own. See note on As You Like It, ii. 6. 35 (Clar. Press ed.).

289. *heigh-ho for a husband!* This, as Malone points out, is the title of a song in the Pepysian Collection at Magdalene College, Cambridge [vol. iv. p. 8]: Hey ho, for a Husband. Or, the willing Maids wants made known. It is referred to again in iii. 4. 47, 48, and in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy (ed. 1651, p. 565), part 3, sec. 2, mem. 6, subs. 3: 'Hai-ho for an husband, cries she, a bad husband, nay the worst that ever was is better then none.'

298. *no matter*, no sober sense, nothing serious or in earnest. Compare Winter's Tale, i. 2. 166:

> 'He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter.'

And Twelfth Night, i. 5. 227: 'My words are as full of peace as matter.' See also note on As You Like It, ii. 1. 68.

303. *a star danced*, as the sun was supposed to do on Easter Day. 'We shall not, I hope,' says Sir Thomas Browne in his Vulgar Errors, v. 22, § 16, 'disparage the Resurrection of our Redeemer, if we say the Sun doth not dance on *Easter-day*.'

307. *By your grace's pardon.* Beatrice asks the Prince's permission to leave.

310. *the melancholy element.* The other three elements which go to the composition of man are the choleric, the sanguine, and the phlegmatic, and the four correspond to earth, air, fire, and water.

311, 312. *not ever*, not always. See Henry VIII, v. 1. 130:

'And not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it.'

313. *unhappiness* has been interpreted to mean 'mischief,' a sense which the word undoubtedly bears, but which is here inappropriate. It has no point unless it is used in its obvious meaning.

315. *hear tell.* Mr. R. G. White in his note on this passage remarks, 'This form of speech, which S. constantly puts into the mouth of personages of the highest rank, but which is now never heard in Old England, except perhaps in the remotest rural districts, is in common use in New England.' So far from its being the fact that Shakespeare constantly puts this expression into the mouth of personages of the highest rank, I question whether it occurs in any of his writings except in the present passage. And it is rather a colloquialism of common occurrence than a rare provincialism in Old England.

316, 317. *out of suit*, so that they no longer are her suitors. See l. 65.

326. *a just seven-night*, exactly a week. For 'just,' compare The Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 327: 'A just pound,' that is, an exact pound. And for 'seven-night,' see Winter's Tale, i. 2. 17: 'One seven-night longer.' In As You Like It, iii. 2. 333, it is spelt 'sennight' in the first Folio. We retain 'fortnight,' but 'se'nnight' is almost obsolete, though it is still used by those who belong to an earlier generation.

329. *breathing*, breathing-while, pause. As in Lucrece, 1720:

'Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays.'

332. *a mountain of affection.* Johnson stumbled at this as 'a strange expression,' and proposed 'a mooting of affection,' that is, a mooting or conversation of love. But it is surely not more strange than 'a sea of troubles.'

333. *would fain*, would gladly. See iii. 5. 28.

335. *as I shall give you direction.* The sentence is incomplete unless 'for' or 'about' be supplied.

337. *watchings*, lying awake. Compare Macbeth, v. 1. 12: 'To receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.' Lady Macbeth was fast asleep and yet with her eyes open had the *appearance of being awake*, and acted as if she were so.

344. *strain*, descent, stock. Compare Pericles, iv. 3. 24:

'I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.'

And see note on Henry V, ii. 4. 51 (Clarendon Press Edition).

Ib. approved, proved, tried, tested. So in Titus Andronicus, v. 1. 1:

'Approved warriors, and my faithful friends.'

Ib. confirmed, firm, steady, immovable. See v. 4. 17.

345. *honesty*, honour, honourable character.

348. *queasy*, squeamish. Lyly's Euphues (ed. Arber), p. 248: 'I cannot tell Philautus whether the Sea make thee sicke, or she that was borne of the Sea: if the first, thou hast a quesie stomacke: if the latter, a wanton desire.'

Scene II.

1. *shall marry*, that is, it is settled that he shall marry. So in Julius Caesar, i. 3. 87:

'They say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.'

3. *cross*, thwart. See i. 3. 60.

5. *medicinable*, medicinal. Compare Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 91, where it is said of the sun,

'Whose medicinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil.'

Ib. to him. See ii. 1. 212.

6. *affection*, inclination, desire. In i. 1. 260, the Prince asked, 'Dost thou affect her, Claudio?'

17. *life*. See Twelfth Night, i. 3. 118: 'Tut, there's life in 't, man.'

19. *lies in you*, is in your power. So in Sonnet ci. 10:

'For 't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb.'

Ib. temper, used of the mixing of poisons, as in Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 98:

'Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it.'

22. *hold up*, uphold, maintain. See Henry V, i. 2. 91:

'Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your highness claiming from the female.'

23. *stale*, a common prostitute. See iv. 1. 63.

24. *What proof shall I make of that?* How shall I prove that?

What evidence shall I give? See Julius Caesar, ii. 1. 299, where Portia says:

'I have made strong proof of my constancy';

that is, I have given strong evidence of it.

25. *to misuse*, to deceive. The word occurs with another shade of meaning in ii. 1. 215.

28. *to despite*, to spite. Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) gives, 'Despiter. To despight, spight, or doe a thing in spight of.'

32. *intend*, pretend. So in The Taming of the Shrew, iv. 1. 206:

'Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her.'

33. *as*,— as for example. The punctuation of this passage is Capell's. The Quarto, followed by the Folios, prints it thus: '(as in loue of your brothers honor who hath made this match) and his friends reputation,' &c.

35. *like to be cozened*, likely to be cheated.

36. *discovered thus*, made such a discovery.

37. *without trial*, without putting it to the test.

38. *instances*, proofs. So in 2 Henry IV, iii. 1. 103:

'I have received
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.'

40. *term me Claudio.* Pope, in his second edition, adopted Theobald's suggestion of substituting Borachio for Claudio. But the text must be right, for it was necessary to the plot to make it appear that Hero was endeavouring to conceal her intrigue with Borachio. It was also necessary to induce Margaret to take part in it innocently, and she would at once have suspected something if she had allowed Borachio in his own name to address her as Hero. That she was not an accomplice is evident, and yet it is difficult to explain how she could have been induced to help forward the conspiracy without knowing it, and at the same time should remain silent when a word from her would have explained the mystery. This is the defect in the plot. Knight has remarked that 'The very expression *term me* shows that the speaker assumes that Margaret, by connivance, would call him by the name of Claudio.' No weight can be attached to this, for otherwise we ought to read in the previous line, 'hear me term Margaret Hero.'

44. *disloyalty*, unfaithfulness, especially in love. For instance, Othello says of Desdemona, Othello, iii. 3. 409:

'Give me a living reason she's disloyal.'

Ib. jealousy shall be called assurance, suspicion shall be called certainty.

46. *Grow this.* Let this grow.

51. presently. See i. 1. 72.

Ib. go learn. So 'go seek,' ii. 3. 182; 'go get,' ii. 3. 240; where 'go' is almost redundant.

Scene III.

9. *behaviours.* The plural indicates the details of his behaviour, the various ways in which he shows that he is in love.

11. *argument.* See i. 1. 222.

13. *the drum and the fife,* the musical instruments appropriate to war as the tabor and pipe to peace.

15. *mile,* like 'pound,' &c., is used as a plural with numerals.

15, 16. *a good armour,* a good suit of armour. Compare 2 Henry IV, iv. 5. 30:

'Like a rich armour worn in heat of day.'

And Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 8. 27:

'I 'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.'

In the Authorised Version, in the Preface of the Translators to the Reader, we find: 'It is not only an armour, but also a whole armoury of weapons, both offensive and defensive.'

17. *doublet,* the close-fitting upper part of a man's dress. 'Doublet and hose' formed a complete suit.

19. *orthography.* This was changed by Rowe in his second edition to 'orthographer,' and Capell conjectured 'orthographist.' If the text is right it must be explained as an instance of the abstract used for the concrete; and, in support of this, reference is generally made to Love's Labour's Lost, i. 2. 190: 'Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet'; where 'sonnet' is taken to mean 'sonneteer.' But I am not satisfied that this is the meaning, and understand the phrase 'turn sonnet' differently.

20. *a very fantastical banquet,* like the great feast of languages at which Armado and Holofernes had stolen the scraps (Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 40).

21. *May,* as frequently, is here equivalent to 'can.' So in iii. 2. 105, iv. 1. 263, and King John, v. 4. 21:

'May this be possible? may this be true?'

28. *in my grace,* into my favour.

29. *I 'll none.* See ii. 1. 55.

30. *cheapen her,* bid for her. See Pericles, iv. 6. 10: 'She would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.'

31. *noble . . . angel.* There is the same play upon 'noble,' which also denoted a coin worth 6*s.* 8*d.*, and 'angel,' which was a coin worth

10*s.*, as between 'noble' and 'royal,' a coin of the same value as an angel, in Richard II, v. 5. 67 :

'*Groom.* Hail, royal prince!
K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.'

33. *what colour it please God*, its natural colour, without any aid from cosmetics. The fashion of discolouring hair was as common in Shakespeare's time as it is now. To the colour itself Benedick was indifferent.

33, 34. *Monsieur Love.* Delius quotes As You Like It, iii. 2. 310, where Jaques says to Orlando, 'Farewell, good signior Love.'

35, 41. The stage directions here follow the Quarto, except that it has for the first 'Enter prince, Leonato, Claudio, Musicke.' In the Folios they are combined, 'Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Jacke Wilson'; Jack Wilson being the name of the player who took the part of Balthasar. Dr. Rimbault proposed to identify him with Dr. John Wilson, afterwards Professor of Music at Oxford.

36. Compare The Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 56, §7 :

'Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.'

40. *kid-fox* is supposed to mean cub-fox, but Warburton substituted 'hid fox' in reference to the game alluded to in Hamlet, iv. 2. 33 : 'Hide fox, and all after.'

Ib. a pennyworth, a bargain. Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 650 : 'Though the pennyworth on his side be the worst.' To fit one with a pennyworth is therefore to sell him a bargain in which he will get the worst.

41. Enter ... There is no reason to suppose that Balthasar had other musicians with him. He probably accompanied himself on a lute. In Twelfth Night, iii. 1. 1, Viola says to the Clown, 'Save thee, friend, and thy music,' when he had only a tabor.

Ib. Balthasar. Dr. Burney thought that he was perhaps thus named from Baltazarini, an Italian performer on the violin at the court of Henry II of France in 1577. But Shakespeare probably never heard of him, and he uses the name Balthasar in some form in three other plays, Comedy of Errors, The Merchant of Venice, and Romeo and Juliet.

42. *good my lord.* See iv. 1. 43.

Ib. tax, task. In Lear, iii. 2. 16, where the Quartos have,

'I task not you, you elements, with unkindness,'

the Folios read 'tax.'

55. *nothing.* To keep up the play on words, Theobald read 'noting,' *but although perhaps* the two words were not pronounced exactly alike,

they resembled each other nearly enough. In Sonnet xx. 12, nothing' rhymes with 'a-doting'; 'mote' is spelt 'moth,' as in the Quartos and Folios of Hamlet, i. 1. 112:

'A moth it is to trouble the mind's eye';

and in As You Like It, iii. 3. 7, 9, there is a pun on 'goats' and 'Goths.' All this shows that there must have been something in the pronunciation to render such plays on words intelligible, and Mr. R. G. White was led to recognize a similar pun in the title of the play, which is perhaps going rather too far.

56. *divine air!* There is no reason to suppose that this affected ejaculation is a quotation.

57. *hale souls.* The attractive power of music is similarly described in Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 61: 'Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver?' 'Hale,' which is the same as 'haul,' occurs in Acts viii. 3: 'And haling men and women, committed them to prison.' And in Twelfth Night, iii. 2. 64: 'I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together.'

58. *a horn for my money*, if I have to choose give me a horn. Compare Coriolanus, iv. 5. 248: 'The wars for my money.'

Ib. when all's done, after all. Compare Macbeth, iii. 4. 67:

'When all's done,
You look but on a stool.'

And Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 31: 'Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done.'

67. *moe*, more. See note on As You Like It, iii. 2. 243 (Clar. Press ed.).

68. *dumps*, sadness, melancholy. See Romeo and Juliet, iv. 5. 129:

'When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress.'

70. *leavy*, leafy: as in Macbeth, v. 6. 1:

'Now near enough: your leavy screens throw down.'

Pope altered it to the modern spelling, but here the rhyme requires the older form.

76. *should have howled.* See note on i. 1. 118, for the subjunctive where we now use the indicative.

78. *had as lief*, would as willingly. For the construction which follows compare As You Like It, iii. 2. 269: 'I had as lief have been myself alone.' In the Quarto, 'lief' is spelt 'liue,' which indicates the pronunciation.

79. *night-raven.* It is difficult to ascertain whether this describes any bird known to ornithologists. Because it is supposed to represent the *nycticorax* of the ancients, it has been identified with the *night-heron*, a bird very rarely met with in these islands. In Batman's translation of Bartholomeus De Proprietatibus Rerum, it is said to be

a kind of owl. Willughby identified it with the bittern, whose note, according to Goldsmith (Animated Nature), was regarded as the presage of some sad event. See Milton, L'Allegro, 7. It may be the same as the night-crow mentioned in 3 Henry VI, v. 6. 45:

'The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time.'

If so, it is different from the owl, which is spoken of in the previous line and is apparently the screech-owl. But as no one knows more precisely what a night-crow is, it does not help towards the identification of the night-raven. It was clearly a bird whose hoarse note was regarded as a sign of ill omen. Sir Walter Scott, in the same conventional way, uses the night-crow in his Legend of Montrose:

'Birds of omen dark and foul,
Night-crow, raven, bat, and owl.'

And the night-raven in the song of the White Lady of Avenel:

'We have roused the night-raven, I heard him croak.'

87. Claudio here and at 101 of course speaks aside.

Ib. stalk on. To stalk is to move cautiously, as a fowler who avails himself of any cover to get as near as possible to his game. For this purpose a real or artificial horse, called in consequence a stalking-horse, was sometimes used. There is no necessity to suppose any reference to such an artifice here, for the arbour in which Benedick was hidden effectually screened the Prince and his party.

91. *behaviours.* See l. 9.

92. *Sits the wind.* So in The Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 18:

'Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind.'

94. *an enraged affection*, an affection which has passed the bounds of passion and become frenzy. As in Venus and Adonis, 29:

'Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force.'

95. *past the infinite of thought*, past the boundless power of thought to conceive. The meaning is so obvious that it is not easy to see how Warburton should have stumbled over it, and proposed one of his many unnecessary emendations. He says, 'Human thought cannot surely be called *infinite* with any kind of figurative propriety. I suppose the true reading was *definite*.' On which Johnson remarks, 'Here are difficulties raised only to show how easily they can be removed.'

99. *discover.* See l. 143, and i. 2. 10.

102. *she will sit you.* See note on i. 3. 53, 54. The speaker takes the audience into his confidence and makes them personally interested in his story. So in A Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 2. 84: 'I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove.' And Troilus and Cressida, i. 2. 188: 'He will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.'

106. *I would have thought.* 'Would' is here used as the conditional for 'should.' Abbott, in his Shakespeare Grammar, § 331, disputes

this, and says it means 'I was willing and prepared to think.' This, however, does not explain Merry Wives, ii. 1. 192: 'I would be loath to turn them together'; or Twelfth Night, iii. 1. 44: 'I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress.'

110. *a gull*, a trick, deception. It most commonly means a dupe. Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) has: 'Baye, f. A lye, fib, foist, gull, rapper: a cosening tricke, or tale.'

113. *hold it up*, keep up the jest. See A Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 239:

> 'Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:
> This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.'

127. *writ*, written. A common form of the participle in Shakespeare, as in Lucrece, 811: 'To cipher what is writ in learned books.' See l. 133, where it is the most common form of the past tense.

128. *between*, in the midst of. As in Hamlet, iv. 5. 119:

> 'Brands the harlot
> Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
> Of my true mother.'

129. *That*, just so, that was it. Similarly in Julius Caesar, ii. 1. 15: 'Crown him?—that'; i.e. that is the danger.

130. *halfpence*, small bits. This was before the time of the copper coinage, and halfpence, being the halves of silver pence, were pieces of silver so small that they had to be carried in a halfpenny purse.

136. *prays, curses*. Halliwell transposes the words. Collier's MS. corrector reads 'prays, cries.'

139. *ecstasy*, an uncontrolled outburst of feeling, violent excitement. Compare The Tempest, iii. 3. 108:

> 'Follow them swiftly
> And hinder them from what this ecstasy
> May now provoke them to.'

Ib. overborne, overpowered, subdued. So in A Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 1. 184:

> 'Egeus, I will overbear your will.'

140. *sometime*. See i. 1. 250.

Ib. afeard, afraid.

144. *would make but*, would but make.

146. *an alms*, a charitable act. Like 'alms-deed' in 3 Henry VI, v. 5. 79: 'Murder is thy alms-deed.'

151. *blood*. See ii. 1. 161, and iv. 1. 57. Wisdom and blood are here contrasted, as in Hamlet, iii. 2. 74:

> 'Whose blood and judgement are so well commingled.'

155. *dotage*, fondness; as in l. 198.

156. *daffed*, put aside. See 1 Henry IV, iv. 1. 96:

'And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass.'

163. *crossness*, perversity, spirit of contradiction.

164. *make tender of*, offer. So in Love's Labour's Lost, ii. 1. 171:

'Meanwhile receive such welcome at my hand
As honour without breach of honour may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness.'

166. *contemptible*, contemptuous. The two words were convertible. Steevens quotes from the argument to The Tragedie of Darius by William Alexander, Lord Stirling (1604), where it is said that Darius wrote to Alexander 'in a proud and contemptible spirit.'

167. *proper*, handsome, good-looking. See v. 1. 166, and The Merchant of Venice, i. 2. 77: 'He is a proper man's picture.' Again, in the Authorised Version of Hebrews xi. 23: 'By faith Moses, when he was born, was hid three months of his parents, because they saw he was a proper child.' Lyly, in his Euphues (ed. Arber), p. 352, says of Adam and Eve, 'Yet then was she the fairest woman in the worlde, and he the properest man.'

168. *He hath indeed a good outward happiness*, he is fortunate in the goodness of his external appearance. His face is his fortune.

169. *Before God!* An asseveration of common occurrence in Shakespeare, equivalent to 'I declare before God.' So in 2 Henry IV, ii. 2. 1: 'Before God, I am exceeding weary.' See also iv. 2. 28.

171. *wit*. See i. 2. 14.

181. *large*, freespoken, licentious. See iv. 1. 50. We use 'broad' in the same sense, and 'liberal' is so used by Shakespeare in this play, iv. 1. 90, and in the phrase 'liberal shepherds' in Hamlet, iv. 7. 171.

182, 183. *go seek*. See ii. 2. 51.

185. *counsel*, reflection, consideration; not necessarily the advice of others. See iv. 1. 100.

189. *the while*, in the meantime. See The Tempest, iii. 1. 24: 'I 'll bear your logs the while.'

192. *dinner*. As it appears from l. 36 that the time is evening, Halliwell proposed here and in lines 200, 226, 236 to read 'supper.'

193. *upon this*, in consequence of this. See iv. 1. 222.

196. *carry*, manage; referring of course to the plot indicated by the 'net.' See iv. 1. 209, and A Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 240:

'This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.'

197. *one . . . another's*. In Shakespeare's time 'another' was used in such expressions where we should now say 'the other.' So in the Authorised Version of the Apocrypha, Susanna 10: 'And albeit they both were wounded with her love, yet durst not one shew another his grief.'

198. *and no such matter*, and there is nothing of the kind. See i. 1. 164, 165, and v. 4. 82. Compare Burton, Anatomy of Melancholy, part 3, sec. 2, mem. 3, subs. 4: 'Many men to fetch over a young woman, widdows, or whom they love, will not stick to crack, forge and fain any thing comes next, bid his boy fetch his cloak, rapier, gloves, jewels, &c. in such a chest, scarlet-golden-tissue breeches, &c. when there is no such matter.' (p. 495, ed. 1651.)

202. *sadly borne*, seriously conducted. See i. 3. 54.

204. *have their full bent*, are strained to the utmost. The figure is taken from archery. In Hamlet, ii. 2. 30, 'in the full bent' signifies 'with the full intention,' like a bow bent to the utmost. In Twelfth Night, ii. 4. 38, 'Or thy affection cannot hold the bent' signifies cannot endure the strain.

205. *how I am censured*, what judgement is passed upon me, what opinion is held of me. Compare Coriolanus, ii. 1. 25: 'Do you two know how you are censured here in the city?'

212. *cannot reprove it*, cannot prove the contrary, cannot disprove it. So in 2 Henry VI, iii. 1. 40:

'Reprove my allegation, if you can.'

And the Authorised Version of Job vi. 25: 'How forcible are right words! but what doth your arguing reprove?'

213. *nor no*. For the double negative see iii. 1. 55, v. 1. 6, 287.

Ib. argument, proof. Compare Twelfth Night, iii. 2. 12: 'This was a great argument of love in her toward you.'

215. *I may chance have*. For 'chance' followed by the infinitive without 'to' see 2 Henry IV, ii. 1. 12: 'It may chance cost some of us our lives.'

Ib. odd quirks, irrelevant conceits or turns of expression. 'Odd' is applied to anything which is taken away from that to which it belongs, such as a phrase out of its context. So in Richard III, i. 3. 337:

'With old odd ends stolen out of holy writ.'

For 'quirks' compare Cassio's description of Desdemona, Othello, ii. 1. 63:

'One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens.'

Ib. remnants, scraps. So in Romeo and Juliet, v. 1. 47, the apothecary's shop is described as containing

'Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses.'

Ib. broken. See ii. 1. 130.

218. *quips*, taunts, smart sayings. So in Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 2. 12:

'And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope.'

219. *sentences, maxims*, sententious sayings. After listening to

Nerissa's maxims Portia exclaims, The Merchant of Venice, i. 2. 11: 'Good sentences, and well pronounced.' See also Lucrece, 244:

'Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.'

219. *paper bullets.* Benedick has already compared himself when suffering from Beatrice's wit to a man at a mark with a whole army shooting at him.

223. *By this day!* See v. 4. 94.

240. *I am a Jew.* Falstaff says of himself with similar contempt, in 1 Henry IV, ii. 4. 198: 'You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.'

ACT III.

Scene I.

The stage direction in the Quarto is 'Enter Hero and two Gentlewomen, Margaret, and Vrsley.' For 'Gentlewomen' the Folios have 'Gentlemen.'

1. *run thee.* 'Thee' is used here redundantly, as in iii. 3. 94, iv. 1. 21, 'Stand thee.' Schmidt (Shakespeare Lexicon) gives this as an instance of 'thee' for 'thou'; but in all the cases he quotes 'thee' is either redundant, representing what Latin grammarians call the *dativus commodi*, or reflexive.

3. *Proposing*, conversing. The word does not occur again in Shakespeare in exactly this sense. For instance, in Othello, i. 1. 25:

'The bookish theoric,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he,'

'propose' has rather the sense of laying down propositions, submitting points for formal discussion. And in Hamlet, ii. 2. 297, a 'proposer' is one who puts forward formal statements for consideration, not merely a speaker.

4. *Whisper her ear.* Compare Macbeth, iv. 3. 210:

'The grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.'

Ib. Ursula. The metre requiring a disyllable, the Quarto here has 'Vrsley' as in the stage direction. But in l. 34 it has 'Vrsula' like the Folios.

7. *pleached.* See i. 2. 8.

12. *propose*, conversation: Fr. *propos.* This is the reading of the Quarto. The Folios have 'purpose,' but this reading requires a change of accent, and therefore the third and fourth Folios read 'to our purpose.' Reed

quotes from Knox's History of the Reformation in Scotland examples of the use of 'purpose' in the sense of discourse, but though 'purpose' is used in Shakespeare in the sense of 'proposal,' 'purport,' it does not appear to signify merely talk or conversation, as it does in Spenser.

16. *trace*, pace. So in A Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 25:

'And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild.'

Ib. this alley. Not the 'thick-pleached alley' of i. 2. 8, which was in Antonio's orchard.

23. *only wounds by hearsay*, wounds merely by hearsay. For the transposition of the adverb see note on ii. 1. 123.

30. *the woodbine coverture* is the pleached bower covered with honeysuckles of line 7. In A Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 1. 47, the woodbine and honeysuckle, which are commonly identified, are distinct, and the former is the bindweed or convolvulus.

36. *haggards*, wild untrained hawks. See Twelfth Night, iii. 1. 71:

'And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye.'

Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) gives: 'Faulcon hagard. A Hagard; a Faulcon that preyed for her selfe long before she was taken.'

38. *new-trothed*, newly betrothed.

42. *To wish him wrestle*, to desire him to wrestle. For the construction see All's Well, ii. 1. 134:

'Such thanks I give
As one near death to those that wish him live.'

'Wrestle' is spelt 'wrastle' in the Quarto and Folios, and the spelling, which represented the pronunciation, was not changed till Johnson's time.

45. *as full as fortunate*, as fully as fortunate. In the second and third Folios a comma is put at 'full,' and Mason interprets it to mean that he is as deserving of complete happiness in the marriage state, as Beatrice herself; whereas Ursula asks, 'Does he not deserve as much happiness in marriage as if he were to marry Beatrice?'

52. *Misprising*, undervaluing. See As You Like It, i. 2. 192: 'Your reputation shall not therefore be misprised.' In Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 74, the Quartos have

'A little proudly, and great deal misprising
The knight opposed,'

while the Folios have 'disprising.'

55. *project*, imaginary conception, idea; something much less definite than shape or form with which it is contrasted. Compare 2 Henry IV, i. 3. 29:

'Flattering himself in project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts:

60. *How*, however. So in Sonnet xxviii. 8:

'How far I toil, still farther off from thee.'

61. *spell him backward*, misconstrue him, turn him the wrong side out; use him as witches do their prayers, turn them into incantations by saying them backward.

62. Compare ii. 1. 29, 30; v. 1. 155, &c., for specimens of this quality of Beatrice.

63. *black*, dark complexioned and black haired. As in Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 253:

'No face is fair that is not full so black.'

Ib. drawing of. After the participles of transitive verbs 'of' is redundantly used. See iv. 1. 138. It is probable that what appears to be a participle is in reality a verbal noun, and that the full form is 'in drawing of' or 'a drawing of.' See note on A Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 231.

Ib. an antique, a grotesque figure.

65. *an agate*. The figure cut on an agate was necessarily small. See Romeo and Juliet, i. 4. 55, where Mercutio describes Queen Mab as

'In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman.'

Ib. vilely. The Quarto and Folios have 'vildly' or 'vildlie,' a common form of misspelling, which it would be as reasonable to retain as to spell 'gown' with a 'd' because Mrs. Pritchard called it 'gownd.'

63, &c. Steevens quotes two passages from Lyly's Euphues (ed. Arber, p. 115), which are very parallel to the present passage, whether Shakespeare had them in his mind or not. 'If he be cleanelye, then terme they him proude, if meane in apparell a slouen, if talle a lungis, if short, a dwarfe, if bolde, blunt: if shamefast, a cowarde.' And again, 'If shee be well sette, then call hir a Bosse, if slender, a Hasill twygge, if Nutbrowne, as blacke as a coale, if well couloured, a paynted wall, if shee bee pleasaunt, then is shee a wanton, if sullenne, a clowne, if honest, then is shee coye, if impudent, a harlot.' Another passage (p. 109), not quoted by Steevens, contains the same idea. 'Dost thou not know that woemen deeme none valyaunt vnlesse he be too venterous? That they accompt one a dastard if he be not desperate, a pynch penny if he be not prodygall, if silent a sotte, if full of wordes a foole? Peruersly doe they alwayes thinke of their louers and talke of them scornefully, iudging all to be clownes which be no courtiers, and al to be pinglers that be not coursers.'

70. *simpleness*, simplicity. As in A Midsummer Night's Dream, v. i. 83:

'For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.

71, 73. *commendable* has the accent on the last syllable but one, as in all but one instance in Shakespeare. Schmidt marks the accent on the first syllable, but even so there must be a secondary accent on the penultimate. Compare 1 Henry VI, iv. 6. 57:

'And, commendable proved, let 's die in pride.'

And Coriolanus, iv. 7. 51:

'And power, unto itself most commendable.'

In Spenser adjectives in -able have the accent on the penultimate. See Faerie Queene, ii. 6. § 44:

'O how I burne with implacable fyre!'

72. *not* is redundant. Rowe read 'for'; Capell 'nor.'

Ib. from all fashions, contrary to all fashions. As in Hamlet, iii. 2. 22: 'For anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing.' And Julius Caesar, i. 3. 35:

'But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.'

76. *press me to death*. Pressing to death was the ancient punishment of one who refused to plead guilty or not guilty. Hero means that Beatrice would first reduce her to silence by her mockery and then punish her for not speaking. There is an allusion to the same punishment in Richard II, iii. 4. 72:

'O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking!'

Compare Nashe, Lenten Stuffe (1599), p. 63: 'If I should fall into their handes, I would be pressed to death for obstinate silence, and neuer seeke to cleere my selfe.'

79. *a better death than die with mocks*. The reading of the Quarto, which has the old spelling 'then' for 'than.' Hero is speaking of Benedick. The reading of the first Folio 'a better death, to die &c.,' which is corrupted in the second Folio to 'a bitter death, to die &c.,' makes her speak of herself.

Ib. die. The omission of 'to' before the infinitive is not uncommon after 'better' when it stands by itself, and this construction is here imitated. See, for instance, Macbeth, iii. 2. 20: 'Better be with the dead.' Again, Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 7. 14: 'Better forbear till Proteus make return.' In both these cases the verb is in the infinitive. Compare also Twelfth Night, ii. 2. 27:

'Poor lady, she were better love a dream.'

80. *tickling*, a trisyllable. Words in which a liquid follows a consonant are sometimes lengthened by a syllable in verse. As in v. 4. 34, and Coriolanus, i. 1. 159: 'You, the great toe of this assembly.' Again, Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 76:

'Grace and remembrance be to you both.'

And Twelfth Night, i. 1. 32:

'A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.'

84. *some honest slanders*, some slanders which do not affect her virtue.

89. *swift*, ready, quick of apprehension. It signifies 'quick-witted' in As You Like It, v. 4. 65: 'By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.'

90. *prized*, estimated. As in Troilus and Cressida, iv. 4. 136:

'To her own worth
She shall be prized.'

92. *only*. See iii. 4. 67.

96. *argument*, capacity for reasoning. Ursula describes Benedick's qualities in what she regards as an ascending scale: his personal appearance, demeanour, intellectual qualities, and, to crown all, his courage. The punctuation is that of the fourth Folio. The other old copies have 'bearing argument.'

101. *Why, every day, to-morrow*. Staunton understands this to mean 'every day after to-morrow.' I doubt it. Hero thinks of nothing else.

103. *furnish*, equip. So in As You Like It, iii. 2. 258: 'He was furnished like a hunter.'

104. *limed*, taken as with bird-lime. The same figure is employed in Hamlet, iii. 3. 68:

'O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged!'

The Folios read 'tane,' that is, taken, which some editors adopt.

105. *by haps*, by chance.

107. *What fire is in mine ears?* Warburton remarks on this, 'Alluding to a proverbial saying of the common people, that their ears burn, when others are talking of them.' But this is only supposed to happen when the person talked of is absent, which is not the case here. See Holland's Pliny, xxviii. 2 (vol. ii. p. 297). Beatrice had heard what fired her ears with curiosity to hear more.

110. *behind the back of such*. When their backs are turned no one speaks well of them.

112. *Taming . . . to thy loving hand*. The figure, as Johnson observes, is taken from falconry. The falcon was trained to sit on the falconer's hand. Lyly (Euphues, ed. Arber, p. 41) says: 'Though the Fawlcon be reclaimed to the fist, she retyreth to hir haggardnesse.' But Beatrice, who has already been described as having 'spirits as coy and wild as haggards of the rock,' was now to be reclaimed.

116. *reportingly*, by report.

Scene II.

1, 2. *consummate*, consummated. As in Measure for Measure, v. 1. 383, the Duke orders the Friar to marry Angelo and Mariana:

'Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again.'

In both these cases the word is used of the completion of the marriage ceremony. The form of the participle may be an imitation of the Latin participles in *-atus*, and occurs frequently without the addition of the final 'd.' See i. 1. 115. Thus we have 'dedicate' (Measure for Measure, ii. 2. 154) and 'dedicated' (The Tempest, i. 2. 89); and in 1 Henry IV, v. 1. 72, where the Quartos have 'articulate,' the Folios have 'articulated.' On the other hand, we find the form 'suffocate' only, as in Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 125; 2 Henry VI, i. 1. 124. Besides these there are many cases of verbs with a dental in the last syllable, of which the participles are formed without the final '-ed.' See Abbott, Shakespeare Grammar, § 342.

3. *bring*, accompany, escort. As in Coriolanus, iv. 1. 47: 'Bring me but out at gate.'

Ib. vouchsafe, permit, allow.

6, 7. *as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it.* Steevens quotes from Romeo and Juliet, iii. 2. 28–31:

'So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them.'

7, 8. *will only be bold with Benedick*, will only take the liberty of asking Benedick. Compare Henry VIII, ii. 4. 168:

'I will be bold with time and your attention.'

7. *only*. See note on ii. 1. 123.

10. *the little hangman*, the little rogue. Schmidt gravely remarks that 'Cupid is called so in jest as the executioner of human hearts.' In the same literal manner he interprets 'the hangman boys' of The Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 4. 60, as 'probably the servants of the public executioner.'

11. *as sound as a bell*, an expression still common. See Harington's Epigrams, iii. 8.

12, 13. *what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.* Steevens finds in this 'a covert allusion to the old proverb:

As the fool thinketh
So the bell clinketh.'

But the allusion is so covert as to be very doubtful; for the proverb

apparently means that the fool gives his own interpretation to what he hears, not that he speaks all that he thinks. Burton (Anatomy of Melancholy, part 1, sec. 3, mem. 3) says, 'The hearing is as frequently deluded as the sight, from the same causes almost, as he that hears bells, will make them sound what he list. *As the fool thinketh, so the bell clinketh.*'

16. *I hope he be.* For the subjunctive after 'hope' see Merry Wives, ii. 1. 113: 'Well, I hope it be not so.' And Cymbeline, ii. 3. 152:

'I hope it be not gone to tell my lord.'

20. *the toothache.* Boswell quotes from Beaumont and Fletcher, The False One, ii. 3:

'You had best be troubled with the tooth-ache too,
For lovers ever are.'

25. *Where is.* For a similar omission of 'there' see Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 261: 'His incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre.'

Ib. a worm was supposed to be the cause of decay of the teeth. In the Whole Worke of that famous chirurgion Maister Iohn Vigo (1586), fol. 272, we read, 'The iuyce of wormewood, & sothernwood, taketh away the paine caused of wormes, if the teeth be annointed therewithall.'

26. *can master.* Pope's reading. The Quarto and Folios have 'cannot master.'

29. *fancy*, in the language of Shakespeare's time, means love as well as humour or caprice, and the two meanings are here played upon.

31–34. The tendency of an Englishman to borrow his fashions from foreigners is a commonplace in the literature of the sixteenth century. See The Merchant of Venice, i. 2. 79–82. It is the subject of remark in Harrison's Description of England (Holinshed, ed. 1586, i. 172), who says, 'For my part I can tell better how to inueigh against this enormitie, than describe anie certeintie of our attire: sithence such is our mutabilitie, that to daie there is none to the Spanish guise, to morrow the French toies are most fine and delectable, yer long no such apparell as that which is after the high Alman fashion, by and by the Turkish maner is generallie liked of, otherwise the Morisco gowns, the Barbarian sleeues, the mandilion worne to Collie weston ward, and the short French breches make such a comelie vesture, that except it were a dog in a doublet, you shall not see anie so disguised, as are my countrie men of England.' And Lyly's Euphues (ed. Arber), p. 118: 'Be not lyke the Englishman, which preferreth euery straunge fashion before the vse of his countrey.'

31–34. *or in . . . doublet.* This passage, which is found in the *Quarto, is omitted in the Folios*, as Malone conjectures, to avoid giving

offence to the Spaniards, whose friendship James the First cultivated. It was rather to avoid offending the King himself, and for the like reason in The Merchant of Venice, i. 2. 83, 'the Scottish lord' of the Quartos becomes 'the other lord' in the Folios.

33. *slops*, loose breeches.

34. *no doublet*, that is, according to Malone, all cloak.

43. *stuffed tennis-balls*. Henderson quotes from Dekker, The Shoemaker's Holiday or The Gentle Craft (v. 5, p. 72, ed. Warnke and Proescholdt, 1886): 'Ile shane it off, and stuffe tennis-balls with it.'

46. *civet*, a perfume supplied by the civet-cat. See As You Like It, iii. 2. 66: 'The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.'

50. This speech is given to Benedick in the Quarto by mistake.

Ib. note, mark, indication. So in Winter's Tale, i. 2. 287:

'A note infallible
Of breaking honesty.'

51. *to wash his face* with some cosmetic. This agrees with 'paint himself' in the next line. Benedick was not a sloven.

52. *for the which*, with regard to which.

53. *I hear what they say*. The Prince only professes to report the gossip of others.

55. *a lute-string*. As melancholy as 'a lover's lute' is a comparison made by Prince Hal in 1 Henry IV, i. 2. 84. Benedick's jesting spirit is humbled and finds expression in love-songs.

Ib. stops, or frets, were the small pieces of wire or cord, fastened round the neck of a lute at intervals of a semitone, on which the strings were pressed.

61. *ill conditions*, bad qualities. As in Henry V, iv. 1. 108: 'All his senses have but human conditions.'

63. *with her face upwards*, and in her lover's arms. See Pericles, v. 3. 43:

'O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.'

The meaning is so obvious that it is not easy to understand why Theobald should read 'with her heels upwards' and propose as an alternative 'with her face downwards.'

66. *these hobby-horses*. The hobby-horse was one of the grotesque figures in the old morris-dance, and the word, like 'antic,' is used contemptuously of a frivolous, foolish person.

73. *Good den*, good even. See v. 1. 46, and King John, i. 1. 185: 'Good den, sir Richard!' Titus Andronicus, iv. 4. 43: 'God and Saint Stephen give you good den.' It is also found in the form 'God-den,' as in Henry V, iii. 2. 89.

86. *aim better at me*, form a better estimate of me.

87. *holds you well*, thinks well of you. So in Othello, i. 3. 396:

'He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.'

87, 88. *For my brother . . . hath holp* &c. The punctuation is Rowe's. The Quarto, followed by the Folios, has 'for my brother (I thinke, he holdes you well, and in dearenesse of heart) hath holpe &c.' For = as for.

91, 92. *circumstances shortened*, cutting short the details. Schmidt (Shakespeare Lexicon) puts this passage with others in which 'circumstance' means ceremony. But the plural is not so used by Shakespeare.

93. *disloyal*. See note on ii. 2. 44.

98. *to paint out*, to depict, pourtray. Harrison, in the Epistle Dedicatorie to his Description of Britaine (Holinshed, ed. 1586, vol. i.), says: 'Thinking it sufficient, truelie and plainlie to set foorth such things as I minded to treat of, rather than with vaine affectation of eloquence to paint out a rotten sepulchre.'

103. *if you love her then, to-morrow* &c. Hanmer's punctuation. The Quarto and Folios have, 'if you loue her, then to morow &c.'

105. *May*, can. See ii. 3. 21.

111, 112. *why I should not . . . congregation*, &c. This is Rowe's punctuation. The Quarto and Folios have, 'why I should not marry her to morrow in the congregation, &c.' Capell reads, 'why I should not marry her; to-morrow, in the congregation, &c.' But Rowe is right because of the contrast between 'to-night' and 'to-morrow.'

117. *coldly*, quietly, coolly, without heat or passion. So in Romeo and Juliet, iii. 1. 55:

'And reason coldly of your grievances.'

119. *untowardly*, perversely, mischievously.

Scene III.

Enter Dogberry and Verges, . . . The Quarto and Folios have 'Enter Dogbery and his compartner with the Watch.' Steevens points out that Dogberry gets his name from the female cornel, a common hedge shrub, and that Verges is the provincial pronunciation of 'Verjuice.'

3. *salvation*. In all these blunders the two foolish officers say just the opposite of what they mean. There is therefore no necessity to change 'no need' in l. 19 to 'more need' as Warburton does.

7. *give them their charge*, explain to them their duties. 'To charge his fellows,' says Malone, 'seems to have been a regular part of the duty of the constable of the watch.' He quotes Marston's Insatiate Countess

[Act iii, Works, ed. Halliwell, iii. 145]: 'Come on, my hearts; we are the cities securitie. Ile give you your charge.'

10. *George.* Halliwell changed this to Francis, on account of iii. 5. 52; but Francis Seacole there mentioned is not necessarily the same person. If it is a slip of Shakespeare's it is one easily made. In the Merry Wives, Page is called Thomas in i. 1. 46, and George in ii. 1. 153.

13. *well-favoured,* good-looking. As in Genesis xxix. 17: 'Rachel was beautiful and well-favoured.'

22. *comprehend,* apprehend.

Ib. vagrom, vagrant.

38. *your bills.* Johnson says (1765), 'A bill is still carried by the watchmen at Lichfield. It was the old weapon of English infantry, which, says Temple, gave the most ghastly and deplorable wounds. It may be called *securis falcata.*' Steevens quotes, from Glapthorne's Wit in a Constable, [Act v, Plays and Poems, i. 226, ed. 1874]:

> 'Well said, neighbours;
> You're chatting wisely o'er your bills and lanthorns,
> As becomes watchmen of discretion.'

47. *true man,* honest man. See Measure for Measure, iv. 2. 46: 'Every true man's apparel fits your thief.'

48. *meddle or make,* a common alliterative expression, of the kind which has a great charm for those who cannot invent phrases for themselves. See Troilus and Cressida, i. 1. 14: 'For my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further.'

53. *touch pitch.* See Lyly's Euphues (ed. Arber), p. 111: 'Hee that toucheth Pitch shall bee defiled.' The origin of the saying is probably in the Apocrypha, Ecclesiasticus xiii. 1.

59. *more.* Of course he means 'less.'

68. *present,* represent. As in 2 Henry IV, v. 2. 79:

> 'The image of the king whom I presented.'

70. *by 'r lady,* by our Lady. The Quarto has 'birlady'; the first Folio 'birladie.'

72. *the statues.* This, which is the reading of the first Folio, is more appropriate to Dogberry than 'statutes' which the Quarto and the other Folios have.

77. *call up me.* For this transposition of the pronoun for the sake of emphasis see Julius Caesar, i. 3. 134:

> '*Cass.* Cinna, where haste you so?
> *Cinna.* To find out you.'

77, 78. *keep your fellows' counsels and your own.* According to Malone these words are part of the oath of a grandjuryman. The exact

words of the oath at present are, 'The Queen's counsel your Fellows and your own you shall observe and keep secret.'

81. *the church-bench*, the bench in the church porch.

84. *coil*, bustle, disturbance. See v. 2. 86, and King John, ii. 1. 165:

'I am not worth this coil that's made for me.'

90. *Mass*, by the mass, a relic of pre-Reformation times. See iv. 2. 46, and 2 Henry IV, ii. 4. 4: 'Mass, thou sayest true.' It is sometimes omitted in the Folios as irreverent.

91. *a scab*, used as a term of contempt in Coriolanus, i. 1. 169:

'What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?'

And in Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 82, Sir Toby says to Malvolio, 'Out, scab!'

94. *Stand thee*. See iii. 1. 1.

Ib. pent-house, a lean-to roof. See Merchant of Venice, ii. 6. 1:

'This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.'

96. *a true drunkard*. Perhaps with reference to his name. 'Borracho' in Spanish is a drunkard, and 'Borracha' a wineskin, as Malone points out.

99. *a thousand ducats*. See ii. 2. 48.

106. *unconfirmed*, inexperienced. On the other hand 'confirmed' signifies 'hardened' in Lucrece, 1513: 'Like a constant and confirmed devil.'

112. *Tush!* a scornful interjection. See v. 1. 58, and the Prayer-Book Version of Psalm x. 6: 'For he hath said in his heart, Tush, I shall never be cast down.'

115. *this seven year*. So the Quarto. The Folios read 'this vii. years,' and this is further altered by Warburton to 'these seven years,' and by Steevens to 'these seven year.' Compare 1 Henry IV, ii. 4. 343: 'I did that I did not this seven year'; where again the Folios read 'years.' For the singular with numerals see ii. 3. 15, 'ten mile'; i. 1. 73, 'a thousand pound.'

120. *the hot bloods*, the fiery spirited young fellows. See King John, ii. 1. 461:

'What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?

The Quarto and Folios read 'Hot-blouds.'

122. *like Pharaoh's soldiers*, perhaps in some picture of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea.

Ib. reechy, smoky, dirty. So in Coriolanus, ii. 1. 225:

'The kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck.'

122, 123. *sometime.* See i. 1. 250.

123. *god Bel's priests.* The subject for a painted window being taken from the story of Bel and the Dragon in the Apocrypha.

124. *shaven Hercules,* Hercules with his beard shaven when Omphale made him spin among her maids. Warburton supposed the reference to be to the story of Samson in Judges xvi. 17–19. Hercules was generally represented as bearded. See The Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 85:

'The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars.'

Ib. smirched, soiled, begrimed. See iv. 1. 132; As You Like It, i. 3. 114:

'I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face.'

133. *leans me.* See note on i. 3. 53, 54.

136. *possessed,* instructed; hence, influenced by his evil communications, as in l. 142. The first meaning is illustrated by Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 149: 'Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.'

138. *amiable encounter,* meeting as of two lovers.

139. *thought they Margaret.* This is the reading of the Quarto. The Folios have 'thought thy Margaret.'

146. *temple,* church (see iii. 4. 88) or chapel (see v. 4. 71); as in The Merchant of Venice, ii. 1. 44: 'First, forward to the temple.'

156. *a' wears a lock.* It was a fashion among the gallants of Shakespeare's time to allow one lock of hair to grow longer than the rest in compliment to their mistresses. According to Greene in his Quippe for an Vpstart Courtier (Works, ed. Grosart, xi. 247) it was a French fashion. The barber, after asking his patient whether he will have his hair dressed in the Italian or Spanish manner, adds, 'or will you bee Frenchefied with a loue locke downe to your shoulders, wherein you may weare your mistresse fauour?' This was in 1592.

160–162. The two speeches, which are here divided between Conrade and the First Watchman, are in the Quarto and Folios spoken by Conrade alone.

164. *taken up of these men's bills.* To take up a commodity was to buy goods on credit, a bill or bond being given as security. There is the same pun in 2 Henry VI, iv. 7. 135: 'My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and take up commodities upon our bills?'

Ib. of. See i. 3. 25.

165. *a commodity in question,* which is likely to be put under examination. So in 2 Henry IV, i. 2. 68: 'He that was in question for the robbery.'

Scene IV.

6. *rabato,* the support for a ruff. Spelt 'rebato' in the Quarto and Folios. Steevens quotes from Dekker's Guls Horn-booke (1609): 'Your

stiffenecked rebatoes (that haue more arches for pride to row vnder, then can stand vnder fiue London Bridges).' Non-Dramatic Works, ed. Grosart, ii. 211.

8, 17. *By my troth, 's.* In many such cases the pronoun is omitted. Compare 1 Henry IV, ii. 1. 6: 'Poor jade, is wrung in the withers out of all cess.' And again, line 12: 'Poor fellow, never joyed since the price of oats rose.'

12. *tire,* head-dress: of which artificial hair formed a part. See Merry Wives, iii. 3. 60: 'Thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.'

Ib. the hair. The custom of wearing false hair is referred to by Shakespeare in The Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 92–96; Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 144, 145; and Sonnet lxviii. 5–8. Delius understands 'the hair' of Hero's own hair.

13. *a thought browner,* a trifle browner. An expression still in use.

16. *that exceeds,* that excels, is surpassingly fine. In like manner, 'pass' is used absolutely, in the sense of to pass belief. See Merry Wives, i. 1. 310: 'The women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed.'

17. *a night-gown.* We should call it a dressing-gown. See Macbeth, ii. 2. 70:

> 'Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
> And show us to be watchers.'

And in the same play, v. 1. 5: 'I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her.'

Ib. in respect of, in comparison with. As in Psalm xxxix. 6 (Pr. Book): 'Mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee.'

18. *cloth o' gold,* cloth embroidered with gold thread.

Ib. cuts were apparently slashed openings in the gown which were filled in with some other material.

19. *down sleeves.* These are interpreted by Schmidt (Shakes. Lex.) to mean 'hanging sleeves'; but if so they are not different from 'side sleeves,' and therefore Steevens proposed to read 'set with pearls down sleeves' or 'down the sleeves.' Knight and Delius adopt the former of these. But Mr. Grant White remarks: 'The dress was made after a fashion which is illustrated in many old portraits. Beside a sleeve which fitted more or less closely to the arm and extended to the wrist, there was another, for ornament, which hung from the shoulder, wide and open.' The 'down sleeves' were probably those that fitted more closely.

Ib. side sleeves, long trailing sleeves. Reed quotes from Stowe's *Chronicle, p. 327, ed. 1631,* 3rd year of Henry IV: 'This time was vsed

exceeding pride in garments, gownes with deepe and broad sleeues commonly called poke-sleeves, the seruants ware them as well as their masters, which might well haue beene called the receptacles of the deuill, for what they stole, they hid in their sleeues, whereof some hung downe to the feete, and at least to the knees, full of cuts, and iagges, whereupon were made these verses [by Thomas Hoccleve].

Now hath this land little neede of Broomes,
to sweepe away the filth out of the street:
Sen side sleeues of pennilesse groomes,
will it vp licke be it drie or weete.'

Steevens says, '*Side* or *syde* in the North of England, and in Scotland, is used for *long* when applied to the garment, and the word has the same signification in the Anglo-Saxon and Danish.' The Anglo-Saxon is *sîd*; Icelandic *síðr*.

19, 20. *round underborne with a bluish tinsel.* Schmidt (Shakesp. Lex.) interprets 'underbear' in this passage 'to guard, to face, to trim'; following Halliwell. It seems very improbable that a gown which was made of cloth of gold should be merely trimmed with 'a bluish tinsel,' and it is more likely that this was the material either of the lining of the skirt or of a petticoat worn under it so as to set it out.

20. *tinsel*, a stuff interwoven with gold or silver thread. Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) gives 'Brocatel: m. Tinsell; or thin cloth of gold, or siluer,' and 'Pourfiler d'or. To purfle, tinsell, or ouercast with gold thread, &c.'

Ib. quaint, delicate, curiously designed. See The Taming of the Shrew, iv. 3. 102:

'I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.'

21. *on 't*, of it. In 2 Henry IV, iv. 3. 53, where the Quarto reads, 'I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top on 't,' the Folios read 'of it.'

29. '*saving your reverence, a husband.*' Margaret implies that Hero was so prudish as to make it necessary to apologize for even using the word 'husband.' Modern editors print 'you would have me say, saving your reverence, "a husband",' as if the substitution of 'husband' for 'man' required an apology. In the Quarto and Folios it is 'you would haue me say, sauing your reuerence a husband.'

30. *wrest*, twist from its meaning. See 2 Henry VI, iii. 1. 186:

'He 'll wrest the sense and hold us here all day.'

33. *light*. Shakespeare appears to have been unable to resist playing on the various senses of this word. Compare The Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 129, 130:

'Let me give light, but let me not be light:
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband.'

And Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 19, 20:

'*Ros.* What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?
Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.'

39. 'Light o' Love' was an old dance tune, again mentioned in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 2. 83, and with the same equivoque:

'*Jul.* Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' love."
Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
Jul. Heavy! belike it hath some burden then.'

The notes are given by Sir John Hawkins from an old MS. In Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time, p. 224, we find a ballad which was formerly in Mr. George Daniel's Collection, 'A very proper dittie: to the tune of Lightie Love.'

40. *without a burden.* 'There being no man or men on the stage to sing one' (Chappell). 'The burden of a song, in the old acceptation of the word, was the base, foot, or under-song. It was sung throughout, and not merely at the end of the verse. Burden is derived from *bourdoun*, a drone base (French, *bourdon*). . . . *Light o' Love* was therefore strictly a *ballet*, to be sung and danced.' Chappell, Popular Music of the Olden Time, p. 222.

41, 45. *I scorn that with my heels.* For this way of expressing contempt, compare The Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 9, 10: 'Do not run; scorn running with thy heels.'

41. *Ye light o' love.* For 'Ye,' which is the reading of the Quarto and Folios, Rowe has 'Yes,' and Steevens 'Yea.'

43. *barns*, children. A very obvious pun. See All's Well, i. 3. 28: 'For they say barnes are blessings.' And Winter's Tale, iii. 3. 70: 'Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne!'

47. *heigh-ho!* See ii. 1. 289.

49. *H*, that is, ache, which was so pronounced. A similarly poor jest, as Johnson calls it, is to be found in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 7. 8:

'I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.'

This explains why 'aches' is a disyllable in The Tempest, i. 2. 370: 'Fill all thy bones with aches.' And in Timon of Athens, i. 1. 257: 'Aches contract and starve your supple joints!'

50. *turned Turk*, completely changed, and for the worse, like one who has changed his religion. So in Hamlet, iii. 2. 287: 'If the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me.'

51. *the star*, the north or pole star. Compare Sonnet cxvi. 7:

'It is the star to every wandering bark.'

52. *trow is used in questions* either for 'I trow,' which is nearly

equivalent to 'I wonder,' or for 'trow you?'=do you think? can you tell? The former occurs in Merry Wives, i. 4 140: 'Who 's there, I trow?' With the present passage compare Cymbeline, i. 6. 47: 'What is the matter, trow?'

53. *their*, as if 'all' instead of 'every one' had preceded. See Lucrece, 125 :

'And every one to rest themselves betake,'

where only one copy of the first Quarto reads 'himselfe betakes.'

55. *gloves*. Among the attributes of a lover, according to Burton (Anat. of Mel. part 3, sect. 2, memb. 4, subs. 1, p. 535, ed. 1651), were 'a long love-lock, a flower in his ear, perfumed gloves, rings, scarfs, feathers, points, &c.'

57. *stuffed*, as with a cold in the head.

61. *apprehension*, quickness of wit. See ii. 1. 70.

66, 67. *distilled carduus Benedictus*. The virtues of this plant were well known to the old herbalists. Steevens refers to The Haven of Health (1584) by Thomas Coghan (or Cogan), in which there is a chapter (46) 'Of Blessed thistill.' '*Carduus benedictus*, or blessed Thistell so worthily named for the singular vertues that it hath. . . . Howesoeuer it be vsed it strengtheneth all the principall partes of the bodie, it sharpeneth both the wit and the memorie, quickeneth all the senses, comforteth the stomacke, procureth appetite, and hath a speciall vertue against poyson, and preserueth from the pestilence, and is excellent good against any kinde of feuer. . . . For which notable effects this herbe may worthily be called *Benedictus* or *Omnimorbia*, that is a salue for euery sore.'

67. *the only thing*, the best thing possible, there is nothing to compare with it. So Benedick is described in iii. 1. 92 as 'the only man of Italy.'

71. *moral*, hidden meaning. So in The Taming of the Shrew, iv. 4. 78: 'Faith, nothing; but has left me here behind to explain the moral or meaning of his signs and tokens.'

81. *he eats his meat without grudging*. Though he is in love he has not lost the appetite for which he was famous. Malone says the meaning is 'he feeds on love and likes his food.' I doubt it. 'Grudge' signifies 'grumble,' as in Psalm lix. 15: 'And grudge if they be not satisfied.'

85. *a false gallop*, literally, was the pace of a horse between a trot and a gallop, also called a Canterbury gallop or canter. Hence it describes what was not a true and natural movement, and as applied to verse a mere artificial jingle. So in As You Like It, iii. 2. 119, Touchstone says of his doggerel: 'This is the very false gallop of verses.' Margaret maintains that she is not talking nonsense.

Scene V.

Enter . . . The Quarto and Folios have, 'Enter Leonato, and the Constable, and the Headborough.' So in The Taming of the Shrew, Ind. i. 12, the Folios have, 'I must go fetch the headborough,' which was altered to 'third-borough' by Theobald. The headborough was a kind of constable, the principal man in the borough or tything.

9. *a little off the matter*, a little wide of the point, a little beside the mark. The Quarto and Folios have 'a little of the matter,' but 'of' and 'off' are frequently interchanged in the old copies. See v. 1. 97.

11, 12. *as honest as the skin between his brows.* As an illustration of this proverbial saying, Reed gives the following from Gammer Gurton's Needle (Hawkins, Origin of the English Drama, i. 230): 'I am as true, I wold thou knew, as skin between thy browes.' The idea that the brow was a tablet on which the character was inscribed occurs more than once in Shakespeare. See Measure for Measure, iv. 2. 163: 'There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy.' And in Hamlet, iv. 5. 119:

> 'Brands the harlot
> Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
> Of my true mother.'

13, 14. *I am as honest*, &c. Warburton makes this curious remark: 'There is much humour, and extreme good sense, under the covering of this blundering expression,' which he then proceeds to moralize. No one will doubt about the humour; but for the good sense there is just as little as Shakespeare thought appropriate to Goodman Verges. Sir Andrew Aguecheek spoke even more modestly of himself. See Twelfth Night, i. 3. 122–126:

'*Sir To.* Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.'

15. *palabras* may be Dogberry's blunder for the Spanish *pocas palabras*, few words, but it may not.

19. *the poor duke's officers.* For this transposition Steevens compares Measure for Measure, ii. 1. 47, 48, where Elbow says: 'I am the poor duke's constable.'

20. *I could find it in my heart.* See i. 1. 107.

21. *of*, on. This is not one of Dogberry's blunders. See Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 2:

> 'How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?'

And All's Well, iii. 5. 103:

> '*I will bestow* some precepts of this virgin.'

23. *pound* is the reading of the Quarto. The Folios have 'times.'

32. *will be talking.* See i. 1. 99, and Proverbs xx. 3: 'Every fool will be meddling.'

33. '*When the age is in, the wit is out.*' The usual form of the proverb is, 'When the wine is in, the wit is out'; but Heywood, in Epigrammes, 163, has 'When ale is in, wyt is out,' which is nearer Dogberry's version.

34. *a world to see,* wonderful to see, a rare thing to see. So Lyly's Euphues (ed. Arber), p. 54: 'It is a worlde to see the doating of their louers.' Again, in The Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 313:

> 'O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
> How tame, when men and women are alone,
> A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.'

Harrison, in his Description of England (Holinshed, i. 172, ed. 1586), says, 'And as these fashions are diuerse, so likewise it is a world to see the costlinesse and the curiositie.' Baret in his Alvearie, quoted by Holt White, gives as the equivalent of 'It is a world to heare' the Latin 'Audire est operae pretium.'

35. *God's a good man.* This curious expression occurs in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, ed. 1632, p. 670 (quoted by Steevens): 'God is a good man and will doe no harme.' Steevens also gives the following from the old Morality or Interlude of Lusty Juventus (Hawkins, Origin of the English Drama, i. 141):

> 'He wyl say, that God is a good man,
> He can make him no better, and say the best he can.'

See Armin's Nest of Ninnies (Works, ed. Grosart, p. 22).

53. *inkhorn.* The word has gone out with the thing. Cade (2 Henry VI, iv. 2. 117) ordered the Clerk of Chatham to be hanged: 'Hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.' See Ezekiel ix. 2: 'One man among them was clothed with linen, with a writer's inkhorn by his side.'

54. *to examination.* So the Quarto: the Folios have 'to examine,' which Grant White prefers on the ground that 'Dogberry mistakes the significance of words, but never errs in the forms of speech.' But he has just used 'suffigance' for 'sufficient,' and though a nonsense word it is a substantive in form. It is urged also in support of the Folio reading that in line 44 he uses 'examined' correctly. But Dogberry is not consistent in his blunders, for in iii. 3. 46 he uses 'suspect' in its proper sense, while in iv. 2. 69 it stands for 'respect.'

56, 57. *here's that,* tapping his forehead.

57. *a noncome,* a nonplus, which Dogberry has confused with another legal phrase *non compos.*

ACT IV.

Scene I.

1. *only* [proceed] *to*, &c.

10. *If either of you*, &c. A reminiscence of the English Marriage Service.

12. *to utter it*, to disclose it.

20. *ah, ha, he!* Ben Jonson, in his English Grammar, gives as examples of interjections 'ah, alas, woe, fie, tush, ha, ha, he.'

21. *Stand thee by.* See iii. 3. 94.

28. *learn*, teach. In Hamlet, v. 2. 9, where the Quartos have

'And that should learn us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,'

the Folios have 'teach.'

39. *luxurious*, lustful, lascivious. See Macbeth, iv. 3. 58:

'I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful.'

42. *an approved wanton*, one proved to be a wanton, or an unchaste woman. For 'approved' see ii. 1. 344; and for 'wanton' see Othello, iv. 1. 72:

'To lip a wanton in a secure couch.'

43. *Dear my lord.* Similarly we have 'good my lord' in ii. 3. 42; 'Good your grace,' Othello, i. 3. 52; 'dear my sweet,' Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 192; 'Gracious my lord,' Lear, iii. 2. 61, &c. 'Dear' is here a disyllable. Compare Hamlet, iii. 4. 7:

'Fear me not withdraw, I hear him coming,'

where 'Fear' is also a disyllable. Not recognizing this, Theobald, as he thought, corrected the metre by reading 'approof' for 'proof,' and Capell by reading 'Dear, dear my lord.'

Ib. in your own proof, in making trial of her yourself.

45. *made defeat.* Synonymous with 'vanquish'd' in the previous line. Compare Henry V, i. 2. 107:

'Making defeat on the full power of France.'

48. *the 'forehand sin*, the sin committed by anticipating marriage.

50. *large.* See ii. 3. 181.

54. *Out on thee! Seeming!* This reading, suggested by Seymour, was first adopted by Grant White. The Quarto and Folios have, 'Out on thee seeming, I, &c.' Pope changed 'thee' to 'thy.' Knight read 'Out on the seeming!' and Collier, 'Out on thee, seeming!' The last *of these regards Hero as* '*seeming*' personified.

Ib. I will write against it. Compare Cymbeline, ii. 5. 32, where Posthumus says of women:

'I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them.'

The Quarto and Folios have only a comma at 'it,' and this is retained by Knight in preference to a longer stop, as indicating that what follows is what Claudio proposed to write. He says, 'We believe that the poet used "Out on the seeming"—the specious resemblance—"I will write against it"—that is, against this false representation, along with this deceiving portrait,

"You seem to me as Dian in her orb," &c.'

55. *seem* was changed by Hanmer to 'seem'd,' but it is the correct reading, because a contrast is intended between her present appearance, which is unchanged, and what is in Claudio's thought.

Ib. as Dian, the goddess of the moon and of chastity.

Ib. in her orb, in her orbit. See Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2. 110:

'The inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb.'

56. *ere it be blown*, before it is in full bloom, and open to the wanton air.

60. *so wide*, so wide of the mark, so far from the truth. Steevens quotes Troilus and Cressida, iii. i. 97: 'No, no, no such matter; you are wide.' See also Lear, iv. 7. 50:

'*Lear.* You are a spirit, I know: when did you die?
Cor. Still, still, far wide!'

61. *Sweet prince*, &c. Tieck gives this speech to Claudio, and he is followed by Dyce and Delius; but after what Hero says of Claudio's words it seems natural that her father should appeal to the prince.

62. *gone about*, endeavoured. See i. 3. 11.

64. *stale*. See ii. 2. 23.

65. *Are these things spoken*, &c. Steevens compares Macbeth, i. 3. 83:

'Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?'

67. *a nuptial*, a wedding. Shakespeare uses the plural 'nuptials' only in Pericles, v. 3. 80, and in Othello, ii. 2. 8, where the Quartos have the plural and the Folios the singular. In The Tempest, v. 1. 308, and A Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 125, v. i. 75, the plural is introduced in the later Folios.

Ib. True! O God! Hero's exclamation, 'True!' must refer to Don John's speech, and not to Benedick's, and the third and fourth Folios therefore put a note of exclamation at 'True.' The Quarto and first

two Folios do not make this clear, but read 'True, O God!' which might be interpreted as a reply to Benedick. But this is tame. Collier, to avoid misapprehension, read 'True? O God!'

71. *move*, propose. In Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 89,

'We dare not move the question of our place,'

'move' has rather the sense of 'stir.' We still speak of 'moving' a proposition.

72. *kindly*, natural. As in the Litany, 'the kindly fruits of the earth.'

85. *then are you no maiden*, because you have not answered truthfully, and I infer the worst.

90. *liberal*, licentious in speech. Steevens quotes a passage from The Fair Maid of Bristow, 1605, which appears to be a reminiscence o fthis :

'But Vallinger, most like a liberal villain,
Did give her scandalous ignoble terms.'

See also Hamlet, iv. 7. 171 :

'Long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name.'

94. *spoke* and 'spoken' (l. 64) are used indifferently.

97. *thy much misgovernment*, thy grievous misconduct. For 'much' in the sense of 'great' see Measure for Measure,' v. 1. 534 :

'Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness.'

Shakespeare does not again use 'misgovernment' for disorderly, indecorous conduct, but he has 'misgoverning' in the same sense in Lucrece, 654 :

'Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.'

On the contrary, Katharine in Henry VIII, ii. 4. 138, is praised by the king for her 'wife-like government.'

104. *conjecture*, suspicion. As in Hamlet, iv. 5. 15 :

'For she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.'

And Winter's Tale, ii. 1. 176 :

'Their familiarity,
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture.'

106. *gracious*, lovely, attractive. Compare King John, iii. 4. 81 :

'For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.'

The word is here a trisyllable, as in Sonnet cxxxv. 7 :

'*Shall will* in others seem right gracious?'

110. *Smother her spirits up.* So in Henry V, iv. 5. 20:

'We are enow yet living in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs.'

'Up' is added for emphasis, as in 'stifle up' (King John, iv. 3. 133), 'poisons up' (Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 305), 'kill up' (As You Like It, ii. 1. 62). See note on this last passage in the Clarendon Press edition.

121. *The story that is printed in her blood*, that is, as Johnson explains it, 'the story which her blushes discover to be true,' for the Friar, although Hero had swooned, observed 'a thousand blushing apparitions To start into her face.' This is a more natural explanation than that given by Schmidt (s. v. *Print*), the story 'with the stain of which her blood is polluted.'

122. *ope* and 'open' are used indifferently by Shakespeare in verse, according to the requirements of the metre. In Richard II, iii. 3. 94,

'He is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding war,'

where the Quartos read 'open' the Folios have 'ope.'

125. *on the rearward of reproaches*, following up reproach by violence. The phrase occurs again in Sonnet xc. 6:

'Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe.'

'Reward,' the reading of the first Folio, is a misprint. 'Hazard' (Collier MS.) and 're-word' (Brae) are unnecessary conjectures.

127. *Chid.* 'To chide at' is to upbraid, rebuke, quarrel with. So in Romeo and Juliet, iii. 2. 95:

'O, what a beast was I to chide at him!'

Ib. frugal nature's frame, the parsimonious arrangement of nature which limited him to a single child.

131. *Took*, taken. As in Twelfth Night, i. 5. 282:

'He might have took his answer long ago.'

132. *Who smirched thus*, &c. Participial clauses of this kind, which in Latin would be represented by the ablative absolute, are not uncommon in Shakespeare. Compare The Merchant of Venice, iv. i. 134:

'Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet.'

And Henry VIII, ii. 1. 42:

'First, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who removed,
Earl Surrey was sent thither.'

See Abbott, § 376.

132. *smirched.* See iii. 3. 124.

136. *on.* See iii. 4. 21.

137. *I myself was to myself not mine*, I set no value upon myself in comparison with her, and did not reckon myself as part of my own possessions.

138. *Valuing of her.* See iii. 1. 63.

139. *that*, so that. As in Julius Caesar, i. 1. 50:

'Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks?'

139, 140. Steevens compares Macbeth, ii. 2. 60, 61:

'Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand?'

141. *season*, seasoning, to preserve it from corruption. So in Macbeth, iii. 4. 141, sleep is called 'the season of all natures,' as that which preserves them from decay. The idea occurs in Twelfth Night, i. 1. 29–32, of Olivia's tears for her dead brother.

143. *attired in wonder.* For the figure compare Lucrece, 1601:

'Why art thou thus attired in discontent?'

And Macbeth, i. 7. 36:

'Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself?'

Again, As You Like It, iv. i. 19: 'In which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.'

153. *Wash'd*, that is, he washed. The ellipsis of the nominative, where the construction is quite plain, is not uncommon. See iii. 4. 8, Abbott, § 399, and Lear, ii. 4. 42:

'Having more man than wit about me, drew.'

Again, Lear, ii. 4. 293:

''Tis his own blame; hath put himself from rest.'

154–157. *Hear . . . mark'd*, &c. This part of the Friar's speech is printed as prose both in the Quarto and Folios, the latter putting a full stop instead of a comma at 'markt.' In the Quarto the lines occur at the bottom of the page, and apparently there was a dislocation of the type which caused the passage to be set up as prose. Possibly some words may have been omitted in the process, as indicated in the text. The arrangement usually followed, which is that of Pope, after Rowe in his second edition, is this:

'Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd, &c.'

In this case 'By noting' is interpreted 'because I have been engaged in noting,' a sense which I do not think the words will bear. It may be that 'I have only been silent' is equivalent to 'I only have been silent.'

159. *To start.* In modern usage 'to' is superfluous. Compare Twelfth Night, i. 5. 317:

> 'Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
> With an invisible and subtle stealth
> To creep in at mine eyes.'

162. *To burn the errors,* &c. See i. 1. 202. The stake was the recognized punishment for a religious opponent who would not be confuted. It was so much easier to burn a heretic than to convince him of his error.

165. *with experimental seal,* setting the stamp of experience upon the results of his reading.

Ib. doth warrant or confirm. The singular is due to the intervention of a singular noun, 'seal,' between the verb and its subject. Compare The Comedy of Errors, v. i. 70:

> 'The venom clamours of a jealous woman
> Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.'

For the same reason we find the plural for the singular. See Lear, iii. 6. 4: 'All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience.' And Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 344, 345:

> 'And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
> Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.'

There is therefore no necessity, with Hanmer, to read 'observation.' See the notes in the Clarendon Press editions of A Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 97; Hamlet, i. 2. 38; Lear, iii. 6. 4.

166. *The tenour of my book.* Heath conjectured, and Hudson adopted, the reading 'books,' quite unnecessarily. 'Book' is used figuratively for 'learning' in Henry VIII, i. 1. 122:

> 'A beggar's book
> Outworths a noble's blood.'

In the Quarto and Folios 'tenour' is spelt 'tenure.'

167. *My reverence, calling,* &c. The respect due to my profession, and my profession itself. Collier, following his MS. corrector, read 'reverend calling,' another unnecessary change.

169. *biting error.* Here again Collier's MS. corrector substituted 'blighting error,' although we have 'biting affliction' (Merry Wives, v. 5. 178), 'biting laws' (Measure for Measure, i. 3. 19), 'biting statutes' (2 Henry VI, iv. 7. 19), and 'a biting jest' (Richard III, ii. 4. 30).

172. *she not denies it.* Compare for the transposition of the negative v. 1. 22, and The Tempest, ii. 1. 121 :

'I not doubt
He came alive to land.'

And v. 1. 38 of the same play, 'Whereof the ewe not bites.'

175. Warburton, who had a gift for discovering mare's nests, finds much subtlety in the Friar's question, which he thinks was framed for the purpose of inducing Hero, if guilty, to betray herself by the mention of the name of her paramour. But the Friar, who stoutly maintained Hero's innocence, would never have asked such a question if the point of it had been that he suspected her to be guilty; and if Hero had been guilty the question would at once have put her on her guard. There is therefore no probability that the Friar had any such motive for his question as Warburton attributes to him, and if he had there is little subtlety in the question itself, for it would have defeated its purpose.

182. *change*, exchange. So in Henry V, iv. 8. 30 : 'He that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap.' And Marston's Insatiate Countess, ii. (Works, ed. Halliwell, iii. 125):

'Change is no robbery; yet in this change
Thou rob'st me of my heart.'

183. *Refuse*, reject, disown. See Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2. 34 :

'Deny thy father and refuse thy name.'

184. *misprision*, mistake, error. Compare A Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 90 :

'Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd and not a false turn'd true.'

Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) has, 'Mesprison : f. Misprision, error; offence; a thing done, or taken, amisse.'

185. *have the very bent of honour*, the aim and purpose of their lives, the direction of their thoughts, is truly honourable. Compare Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2. 143 :

'If that thy bent of love be honourable':

that is, if the aim and object of thy love be honourable. To 'bend,' originally a term of archery, signifies to aim, to point, and is used of a cannon or a sword. See King John, ii. 1. 37 :

'Our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town';

and the note on the passage in the Clarendon Press edition. Hence 'bent' signifies direction; and so, inclination, disposition. As in Julius Caesar, ii. i. 210:

'*For* I can give his humour the true bent.'

187. *practice*, plot, contrivance, design. Compare King John, iv. 3. 63:

'The practice and the purpose of the king.'

Ib. lives, has its vitality and force. Dyce, at Sidney Walker's suggestion, changed this to 'lies,' and the two words are sometimes confounded in printing. For instance, in 1 Henry IV, i. 2. 213, 'In the reproof of this lies the jest,' the first Quarto has 'lives.' On the other hand, in 1 Henry IV, iv. 1. 56, we find 'A comfort of retirement lives in this.'

188. *in frame of villanies*, in contriving villanies.

193. *eat* and 'eaten,' like 'spoke' and 'spoken' (see line 94) are used indifferently for the participle.

Ib. my invention, the 'policy of mind' referred to afterwards.

196. *in such a kind*, in such a way. See ii. 1. 59. In consequence of the rhyme which follows, and for no other reason, Capell conjectured, and Collier substituted 'cause,' which has no point. In lines 214, 215 there is another instance of rhyme, where no one proposes to change the reading.

199. *to quit me of them*, to reckon with them, be revenged upon them. So in Coriolanus, iv. 5. 89:

'To be full quit of those my banishers.'

Ib. throughly, thoroughly, as the fourth Folio reads. See Matthew iii. 12: 'He will throughly purge his floor.'

204. *a mourning ostentation*, a show or appearance of mourning.

206. *Hang mournful epitaphs*. It was the custom, upon the death of a person of eminence, to hang upon the tomb verses in honour of the departed. Such were the lines attributed to Ben Jonson in praise of Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke. See the note on Henry V, i. 2. 233 (Clarendon Press edition).

208. *What shall become of this?* What will be the issue of this?

209. *carried*. See ii. 3. 196, and Ben Jonson, Every Man in his Humour, iii. 2: 'Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest, and exceedingly well carried.'

210. *remorse*, compassion, pity; not compunction. See notes on King John, ii. 1. 478 (Clarendon Press edition), and The Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 20.

212. *travail*, labour, toil; with a reference to the labour of childbirth. Compare Psalm xlviii. 6: 'Pain, as of a woman in travail.'

214. *Upon the instant*, at the very instant. Compare Hamlet, i. 1. 6:

'You come most carefully upon your hour.'

And A Lover's Complaint, 248:

'The accident which brought me to her eye
Upon the moment did her force subdue.'

217–219. Compare Antony and Cleopatra, i. 4. 43, 44:

'And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd.'

And Coriolanus, iv. 1. 15:

'I shall be loved when I am lack'd.'

218. *Whiles*, while, with which it is used interchangeably. In form it is the genitive singular of 'while' (A. S. *hwil*, time), used adverbially. See note on Julius Caesar, i. 2. 209 (Clarendon Press edition).

219. *rack*, extend to the utmost; as the rack-rent of land is the utmost that it will bear. Compare The Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 181:

'Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost.'

Johnson reads 'reck,' unnecessarily and perhaps unintentionally.

222. *upon his words*, in consequence of his words; her death following close upon them. See ii. 3. 193; iv. 2. 58; v. 1. 227, 235; v. 4. 3; and note on King John, iv. 2. 214 (Clarendon Press edition):

'More upon humour than advised respect.'

223. *The idea of her life.* For 'life' Pope reads 'love'; but the whole point of the passage is the contrast between the living Hero and Hero supposed to be dead, and this is emphasized by the threefold repetition of 'life.' 'Idea' is used for 'image' as in Richard III, iii. 7. 13:

'Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind.'

224. *his study of imagination*, that is, as Dr. Abbott (Grammar, § 423) explains it, the study of his imagination, or rather, perhaps, 'his imaginative study or contemplation,' the two nouns connected by 'of' being regarded as one. Of this construction he gives many examples; among others, Hamlet, i. 4. 73:

'Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason.'

227. *moving-delicate.* Capell inserted the hyphen; and this is essentially the reading of the Quarto, which has 'moouing delicate,' and of the first Folio, which has 'moveing delicate,' both of them putting a comma after 'delicate.' The later Folios read 'moving, delicate.'

228. *the eye and prospect.* The two words are again combined in King John, ii. 1. 208:

'Before the eye and prospect of your town.'

230. *his liver*, which was regarded as the seat of the emotions. Compare Twelfth Night, ii. 4. 101:

'Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate.'

See note on As You Like It, iii. 2. 384 (Clarendon Press edition).

233. *success*, issue, result. See All's Well, iii. 6. 86: 'I know not what the success will be, my lord.' 'Success' was formerly a colourless word, which required to be defined by a qualifying adjective. So in Joshua i. 8: 'Then thou shalt have good success.'

236. *but this* refers not to what precedes but to what follows. The Friar means, if we miss our aim in every other respect but this, at least the supposition of her death, &c.

Ib. levell'd. To 'level' was the technical word for laying a gun so as to take aim. See Richard III, iv. 4. 202:

> 'They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
> And therefore level not to hit their lives.'

Hence as a substantive 'level' is used for 'aim,' as in Romeo and Juliet, iii. 3. 103

> 'As if that name,
> Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
> Did murder her.'

239. *sort not*, fall not out. See v. 4. 7, and A Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 352:

> 'And so far am I glad it so did sort
> As this their jangling I esteem a sport.'

241. *reclusive*, retired, befitting a recluse, who adopted the religious life of a cloister.

242. *injuries*, reproaches, insults. See 3 Henry VI, iv. i. 107:

> 'But what said Warwick to these injuries?'

243. *advise you*, guide you by his advice, prevail upon you. Compare Lear, v. 1. 2:

> 'Know of the duke if his last purpose hold,
> Or whether since he is advised by aught
> To change the course.'

On the other hand, 'persuade,' which now means to prevail by persuasion, in Shakespeare's time signified also to use persuasion.

244. *inwardness*, intimacy. So 'inward' is used for 'intimate' in Richard III, iii. 4. 8:

> 'Who is most inward with the royal duke?'

And as a substantive, in Measure for Measure, iii. 2. 138, it signifies an intimate friend: 'Sir, I was an inward of his.'

248. *Being*, it being the case, since. See 2 Henry IV, ii. 1. 199: 'Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.'

250. *presently*. See i. 1. 72.

253. *prolong'd*, postponed. See Richard III, iii. 4. 47:

'For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.'

And Ezekiel xii. 25: 'The word that I shall speak shall come to pass; it shall no longer be prolonged.' 'Perhaps' might be omitted.

270. *I am sorry for my cousin*, because I cannot trust to you to revenge her.

275. *eat your word*. This is a phrase which in the present day requires no illustration.

280. *in a happy hour*, just at the right moment. So in Julius Caesar, ii. 2. 60:

'And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators.'

288. *to deny it*, by denying it. For this use of the infinitive see Abbott, § 356, and Henry V, i. 2. 280:

'Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.'

Also Lear, iii. 5. 11: 'How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just!'

290. *I am gone, though I am here*. She struggles to escape from Benedick, who detains her.

298. *approved*. See iv. 1. 42.

Ib. in the height, in the highest degree. Like 'to the height' in Henry VIII, i. 2. 214: 'He 's traitor to the height.'

300. *bear her in hand*, delude her with false pretences. Compare Macbeth, iii. 11. 80: 'How you were borne in hand, how cross'd.' And Hamlet, ii. 2. 67:

'Whereat grieved,
That so his sickness, age, and impotence
Were borne in hand.'

305. *proper*. See i. 3. 46, and Macbeth, iii. 4. 60: 'O proper stuff!'

311. *counties*. See ii. 1. 169.

312. *a goodly Count*. There is possibly a pun here between 'Count' a title and 'count' the declaration of complaint in an indictment. The occurrence of the word 'testimony' favours this.

Ib. Count Comfect. Staunton renders it, by an equivalent alliteration, 'my Lord Lollipop.' 'Comfect' is the old spelling of 'comfit,' and Grant White's suggestion is very probable that there is again a play upon the meaning of 'comfect,' which etymologically might signify 'made up' as applied to 'count.' He interprets the phrase 'count comfect' as a fictitious story; but I prefer to think that the legal meaning of 'count' is rather pointed to, and that it means a fictitious *charge*.

315. *melted into courtesies.* Beatrice is still playing on the confectionery metaphor. Compare 1 Henry IV, i. 3. 251:

'Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!'

In Hamlet, iii. 2. 65, 'the candied tongue' was the tongue of courtesy and compliment, as sweet and unsubstantial as comfits and sugar-candy.

316. *trim ones too.* They are so smooth-spoken that their tongues have lost their roughness. The change from the singular to the plural is not uncommon. See iii. 4. 54: 'God send every one their heart's desire'; and v. 1. 37. Steevens wrongly understands 'trim ones' to refer to men and not to 'tongues.'

320. *By this hand.* So in The Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 161:

'Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth.'

In swearing it was anciently the custom either to raise the hand by way of appeal to the Deity, or to lay it upon something sacred, as an altar or a relic, to add solemnity to the oath. Or the hand was offered as a pledge of good faith.

326. *engaged,* pledged. See Richard II, i. 3. 17:

'My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath.'

328. *a dear account,* an account which will cost him dear. Compare Romeo and Juliet, i. 5. 120:

'O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.'

Scene II.

For the stage direction the Quarto and Folios have only 'Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne clearke in gownes.' By 'Town clerk' is probably meant 'parish clerk,' and the offices of parish clerk and sexton were often held by the same person. In line 2, and whenever he speaks, he is called 'Sexton.' The constables in Shakespeare's time wore black gowns.

1. In the Quarto and Folio this speech is assigned to 'Keeper,' which is probably a mistake for 'Kempe' or 'Kemp,' that is, William Kemp, the actor who played Dogberry.

2. For 'Verges' the old copies have 'Cowley' or 'Couley,' that is, Richard Cowly, whose name is among those of the principal actors of whom a list is prefixed to the first Folio.

4. In the old copies this speech is assigned to 'Andrew,' which is supposed to be a nickname given to Kemp from his playing the part of Merry Andrew.

5. *exhibition* for 'commission.' Steevens says that 'exhibition to examine' is a blunder for 'examination to exhibit.'

16–19. The answer of Conrade and Borachio, and the first part of Dogberry's speech down to 'villains,' are omitted in the Folios, perhaps, as Blackstone suggested, to avoid incurring the penalties of the Act of 3 James I. c. 21, 'to restrain the abuses of players.' See The Merchant of Venice (Clarendon Press ed.), i. 2. 99.

18. *defend.* See ii. 1. 82.

24. *go about*, go cunningly to work, and like Polonius 'by indirections find directions out.' It is not used in the same sense as in i. 3. 11 and iv. 1. 62, where it signifies 'to endeavour.'

28, 29. *they are both in a tale*, they both tell the same story.

32. *eftest*, readiest. Perhaps a blunder for 'deftest,' which Theobald substituted.

46. *by mass.* See iii. 3. 90. Halliwell says this form of oath was going out of fashion and was therefore appropriately put into the mouth of Verges, 'a good old man, sir.' But Borachio is not a good old man, and yet he uses it.

57. *refused.* See iv. 1. 183.

62, 63. Verg. *Let them be in the hands*— Con. *Off, coxcomb!* Malone's reading. The Quarto has '*Couley* Let them be in the hands of Coxcombe,' and the Folios read the same, except that they give the speech to 'Sex.' Theobald assigned it to Conrade.

64. *God's my life*, an exclamation also used by Bottom, with whom Dogberry had much in common. See A Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 1. 201: 'God 's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep!'

66. *naughty*, wicked. See v. 1. 282, and The Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 91:

'So shines a good deed in a naughty world.'

67. In the Quarto and Folios this speech is given to 'Couley' for 'Cowley,' the actor who played Verges. Probably the abbreviation 'Con.' was misread 'Cou.'

75. *as pretty a piece of flesh.* Compare Twelfth Night, i. 5. 30; 'If Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.'

77. *that hath had losses.* It is no uncommon thing for rich men to boast of the money they have lost, for it adds credit to what they have. The meaning is perfectly obvious, but some extremely foolish emendations have been proposed, such as 'hath had leases,' 'hath had lawsuits,' 'hath horses,' or 'trossers' or 'strait trossers.'

78. *everything handsome about him.* See v. 4. 102, and Roper's Life of Sir Thomas More (ed. 1731), p. 89: 'And seeing you have at *Chelsey a right faire* howse, your Librarie, your gallarie, garden,

orchard and all other necessaries soe handsome about you, . . . I muse what a God's name you meane heere still thus fondlie to tarrie.'

79, 80. *writ down an ass.* This phrase is quoted by Armin in the Epistle dedicatory of the Italian Tailor and his Boy (1609), 'Pardon I pray you the boldnes of a Begger, who hath been writ downe for an Asse in his time.' Dr. Grosart infers that one of Armin's parts was that of Dogberry.

ACT V.

Scene I.

5. *As water in a sieve.* Compare Plautus, Pseudulus, i. i. 102: 'Non pluris refert quam si imbrem in cribrum ingeras.'

6. *Nor let us.* See ii. 3. 213.

Ib. comforter, the reading of the Quarto, was misprinted 'comfort' in the first Folio, and then the metre was amended in the later Folios by the conjectural insertion of 'else.' This is a good illustration of the way in which various readings originate.

7. *suit*, agree, accord. So in Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 6:

> 'Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,
> And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.'

10. Hanmer mended the verse by reading 'speak to me,' regarding 'patience' as a trisyllable, as in line 19.

12. *every strain for strain*, every emotion by which it finds expression. Compare Sonnet xc. 13:

> 'And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
> Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.'

See note on Coriolanus, v. 3. 149 (Clarendon Press ed.). There may be also a reference to the musical sense of the word as is suggested by the use of 'answer,' which might mean 're-echo.' See Lucrece, 1131:

> 'So I at each sad strain will strain a tear.'

15. *stroke his beard*, like an old man who utters sententious platitudes. Dr. Ingleby compares Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 165:

> 'Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard.'

And Chapman's May Day, ii. 1: 'Yes, thou shalt now see me stroke my beard, and speake sententiously.' Dramatic Works, ii. 339, ed. 1873.

16. *Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem!'* &c. This is Capell's correction of the line which stands corruptly in the Quarto and first two Folios, 'And

sorrow, wagge, crie hem, &c.' The third Folio does not mend matters by substituting for 'sorrow' 'hallow,' which in the fourth Folio becomes 'hollow.' Other emendations which have been proposed do not commend themselves. Schmidt, with desperate courage, adheres to the old reading, and interprets, 'and if sorrow, a merry droll, will cry hem, &c.' Dyer punctuates 'And—sorrow, wag!—cry hem, &c.'

18. *candle-wasters* are students who burn the midnight oil, not those who sit up all night to drink, as Steevens explains it, understanding too literally 'make misfortune drunk.' Whalley gave the true interpretation: 'stupefy misfortune, or render himself insensible to the strokes of it, by the conversation or lucubrations of scholars; the production of the lamp, but not fitted to human nature.' He quotes a passage from Ben Jonson, Cynthia's Revels, iii. 2, in which 'candle-waster' is synonymous with bookworm. This is in keeping with the rest of Leonato's speech and with his reference to the philosopher in l. 35. He had no thought of drowning his sorrow in drink.

Ib. yet, nevertheless.

22. *not feel.* See iv. 1. 172.

Ib. tasting it, that is, when they taste it; the subject of the participle being made clear by the pronoun 'Their' which follows. Compare Julius Caesar, v. 1. 80:

> 'Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
> Two mighty eagles fell.'

See Abbott, § 379.

20–22. Theobald quotes, among other classical parallels, Terence [Andria, ii. 1. 9]: 'Facile omnes, quum valemus, recta consilia aegrotis damus.'

24. *preceptial medicine*, the medicine of precepts; applying 'a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief,' as Don John says, i. 3. 11, 12.

27. *No, no*; perhaps these words should be put in a separate line, and 'patience,' as before, be read as a trisyllable.

28. *wring*, writhe, are tortured. Compare Cymbeline, iii. 6. 79: 'He wrings at some distress.'

29. *no ... nor.* See As You Like It, i. 2. 19: 'You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have.'

30. *moral*, capable of moralizing. Goneril, in Lear, iv. 2. 58, calls her husband 'a moral fool.'

32. *advertisement*, is interpreted by Johnson to mean admonition, or moral instruction, and so almost synonymous with 'counsel.' Compare 1 Henry IV, iv. 1. 36:

> 'Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
> That with our small conjunction we should on,
> *To see how fortune is disposed to us.*'

Shakespeare had no doubt in his mind the other and now more usual sense of 'advertisement,' and this suggested the expression 'cry louder.' Cotgrave gives the following meanings of the Fr. Advertissement: 'An aduertisement, signification, information, intelligence, notice; a warning, aduise, monition, admonishment.'

37. *However they*, &c. Another instance of the change from the singular to the plural. See iv. 1. 316.

Ib. have writ the style of gods, as if they were superior to human infirmity. Steevens correctly explains it. Warburton's note, 'This alludes to the extravagant titles the Stoics gave their wise men,' is nonsense.

38. *made a push*, or contemptuous exclamation. See Timon, iii. 6. 119: 'Push! did you see my cap?' Rowe altered it unnecessarily to 'pish.' Boswell defends the old reading, but interprets 'to make a push at' anything as meaning to contend against it, or defy it. But in the case of accident and suffering this is what ordinary mortals have to do, whereas philosophers professed to treat them with indifference or contempt.

Ib. sufferance, suffering. As in Lear, iii. 6. 113:

> 'But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip.'

In i. 3. 8 of the present play it means 'endurance.'

45. *Here comes*, &c. When the verb precedes the plural nominative it is frequently in the singular. See note on The Tempest, i. 1. 15 (Clarendon Press ed.).

46. *Good den*. See iii. 2. 73.

49. *all is one*, it is all the same, it makes no difference. So in Merry Wives, ii. 2. 79: 'But I warrant you all is one with her.'

55. *beshrew my hand*, mischief befall my hand. See notes on A Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 2. 54, and Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 77 (Clarendon Press ed.).

57. *meant nothing to my sword*, had no purpose in grasping my sword.

58. *fleer*, sneer, grin; like a dog that shows its teeth. So in Julius Caesar, i. 3. 117:

> 'You speak to Casca, and to such a man
> That is no fleering tell-tale.'

And Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 109:

> 'One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore
> A better speech was never spoke before.'

62. *to thy head*, to thy face. Still a common expression in Norfolk and Suffolk, and recorded as such in Forby's Vocabulary of East Anglia. Compare A Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 106: 'I'll avouch it to his head.'

65. *bruise of many days.* Compare Romeo and Juliet, ii. 3. 37: 'Unbruised youth.'

76. *May of youth*, the fresh and vigorous springtime of his life. This passage supports the conjectural alteration of 'Way of life' to 'May of life' in Macbeth, v. 3. 22.

Ib. lustihood, high-spirited vigour. See Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 50:

'Reason and respect
Makes livers pale and lustihood deject.'

78. *daff me*, put me aside. See ii. 3. 156.

80. *men indeed*, real men; as below, l. 89, 'a man indeed,' where the sense is obscured by putting a comma after 'man,' as Theobald did.

82. *Win me and wear me*, a common proverb, which occurs in Lyly's Euphues (ed. Arber), p. 307: 'If then shee looke as fayre as before, wooe hir, win hir, and weare hir.'

Ib. answer, meet in single combat. Compare Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 35:

'Withal bring word if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge.'

83. *sir boy*. Coriolanus is goaded into fury when called 'thou boy of tears' by Aufidius. See Coriolanus, v. 6. 101–117.

84. *foining*. A 'foin' is a thrust in fencing. See Lear, iv. 6. 251: 'No matter vor your foins.' In Merry Wives, ii. 3. 24, the Host says to Dr. Caius, 'To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse.'

87. *Content yourself*, contain, restrain yourself; be calm. See Romeo and Juliet, i. 5. 67:

'Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone.'

91. *Jacks*. See i. 1. 158.

94. *Scambling*, scrambling, struggling; and so, shifty. See King John, iv. 3. 146:

'England now is left
To tug and scamble and to part by the teeth
The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.'

Ib. out-facing, swaggering, impudent, brow-beating. Compare King John, v. 1. 49:

'Threaten the threatener and outface the brow
Of bragging horror.'

Ib. fashion-monging, aping the fashions, foppish. In the same sense 'fashion-monger' occurs in Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4. 34.

95. *cog, cheat, deceive*. Compare Richard III, i. 3. 48:

'Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog.'

Ib. flout. See i. 1. 158.

Ib. deprave, depreciate, detract. So in Timon of Athens, i. 2. 145:

'Who lives that's not depraved or depraves?'

96. *anticly*, grotesquely dressed, like buffoons.

97. *speak off* is Theobald's emendation for 'speak of' which the old copies have. He says, 'These Editors are persons of unmatchable Indolence, that can't afford to add a single letter to achieve common sense. To *speak off*, as I have reform'd the Text, is to throw out boldly, with an ostentation of Bravery, &c.' He quotes Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 198: 'A terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off.'

102. *wake your patience.* Perhaps this is ironical, for Leonato and his brother had shown no signs of patience. Schmidt compares Richard II, i. 3. 132, 'To wake our peace.'

113, 114. *almost.* One of these words has been suspected as superfluous. Rowe omits the second and Marshall proposed to omit the first; but the jingle of repetition is in keeping with the levity with which the speaker regarded the situation.

115. *had like to have had*, were very near having.

116. *with.* See ii. 1. 54.

119. *too young*, too strong and active. The phrase occurs again in the opposite sense in As You Like It, i. 1. 57: 'Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.'

123. *high-proof*, in the highest degree, capable of enduring the severest test. Applied now to other than low spirits.

128. *draw*, that is, according to Schmidt, 'draw the bow of this fiddle.' Others say, 'draw the instruments from their cases.' Perhaps, however, 'as we do the minstrels' only refers to the phrase 'to pleasure us.'

129. *to pleasure us*, to gratify us. As in The Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 7: 'May you stead me? will you pleasure me?'

133. *a cat*, with its nine lives. In Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, i. 3, quoted by Reed, Cob says, 'Care 'll kill a cat.'

134. *in the career*, at full speed, full tilt.

135. *charge it against me*, direct it, as a tilter directs his lance. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 88:

'What are they
That charge their breath against us?'

136. *staff*, properly the shaft of a lance. The tilting metaphor is still kept up.

137. *cross*, across. A skilful tilter broke his lance by a blow in the direction of its length, and did not snap it across the body of his adversary. Compare As You Like It, iii. 4. 44–48: 'Swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover;

as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose.'

138. *By this light*, an oath of frequent occurrence. Compare v. 4. 92, and The Tempest, ii. 2. 154: 'By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster!'

140. *to turn his girdle.* The proverbial expression, recorded by Ray, 'If you be angry, you may turn the buckle of your girdle behind you,' has been variously explained. Holt White says, 'Large belts were worn with the buckle before, but for wrestling the buckle was turned behind, to give the adversary a fairer grasp at the girdle. To turn the buckle behind, therefore, was a challenge.' Halliwell interpreted the proverb, 'you may change your temper or humour, alter it to the opposite side.' But it is more probable that the explanation given by Steevens is the true one. He quotes a parallel Irish proverb, 'If he be angry, let him tie up his brogues,' and adds, 'Neither proverb, I believe, has any other meaning than this: "If he is in a bad humour, let him employ himself till he is in a better."' The examples given clearly show that the proverb was used rather contemptuously. Farmer quotes Cowley, On the Government of Oliver Cromwell [p. 74, ed. 1680]: 'The next Month he swears by the Living God, that he will turn them out of doors, and he does so, in his Princely way of threatning, bidding them, Turn the buckles of their Girdles behind them.' And Sidney Walker refers to Swift's Polite Conversation: 'Mr. Neverout, if Miss will be angry for nothing, take my counsel, and bid her turn the buckle of her girdle behind her.' A Spanish proverb to the same effect is given by Captain John Stevens in his Spanish Dictionary, s. v. Enojo: 'Si tienes de mi enojo descalçate un çapato, y echalo en remojo: If you are angry with me pull off one of your shoes and lay it in soak. We say, If you are angry you may turn the buckle of your belt behind.' Burton (Anatomy of Melancholy, Democritus to the Reader, p. 77, ed. 1651) says, 'If any man take exceptions, let him turn the buckle of his girdle, I care not.'

145. *Do me right*, give me satisfaction by meeting me in single combat.

Ib. protest, proclaim. As in Macbeth, iii. 4. 105: 'Protest me the baby of a girl.'

152. *curiously*, daintily, nicely.

Ib. a woodcock being a foolish bird is used as a term of contempt, as 'capon' in the previous line, which seems by an obvious pun to indicate a coxcomb. See Cymbeline, ii. 1. 25, 26: 'You are cock and capon *too; and you* crow, cock, with your comb on.'

159. Just. See ii. 1. 24.

160. a wise gentleman, probably, like 'wiseacre,' another name for *a simpleton.*

165. *trans-shape*, distort. See iii. 1. 61.

166. *properest*. See ii. 3. 167.

172. A reference to Genesis iii. 8.

173–177. See i. 1. 228–233.

178. *boy*. See above, l. 83.

192. *leaves off his wit*, as well as his cloak, when he prepares to fight. In Minsheu's Spanish Grammar (1599), p. 81, we find, 'Andar en cuerpo . . . To goe in hose and doublet without a cloake.'

193. *to*, compared to.

195. *soft you*, gently, hush! As in Hamlet, iii. 1. 88: 'Soft you now! The fair Ophelia!'

Ib. let me be, the reading of the Quarto and first Folio, was changed in the second Folio to 'let me see,' and by Capell to 'let be.' Staunton suggests 'let me pluck up my heart.'

Ib. pluck up, rouse thyself, collect thyself.

196. *sad*, serious.

197. In the Quarto and Folios the Constables enter before Claudio's speech, l. 193.

198. *reasons*. There is possibly, as Ritson suggests, a play here upon 'reasons' and 'raising,' as in 1 Henry IV, ii. 4. 264: 'If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries.'

199. *once*, at any time, at some time or other. As in Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 50:

> 'If idle talk will once be necessary,
> I'll not sleep neither.'

202. *Hearken after*, give heed to. See Richard III, i. 1. 54:

> 'He hearkens after prophecies and dreams.'

213. *well suited*, put in four different dresses or forms of words.

214. *Who*. See i. 1. 184.

215. *to your answer*, to give account of yourselves. See 2 Henry VI, ii. 1. 203:

> 'And call these foul offenders to their answers.'

222. *incensed*, incited. As in Richard III, iii. 1. 152:

> 'Think you, my lord, this little prating York
> Was not incensed by his subtle mother
> To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?'

235. *upon*. See iv. 1. 222.

237. *that I loved it first*, that I loved it first in, or in which I loved it first. Such an omission of the preposition is of common occurrence in Shakespeare. See v. 2. 44, and Abbott, § 394.

258. *Impose me to*, put me to, impose upon me.

266. *Possess*, inform, instruct. See iii. 3. 136.

269. *Hang her an epitaph*. See iv. 1. 206.

275. *heir to both of us*. Shakespeare appears to have forgotten Antonio's son, who is mentioned in i. 2. 2.

282. *naughty*. See iv. 2. 66.

284. *pack'd*, confederate. As in Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 219:

> 'That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
> Could witness it.'

In The Taming of the Shrew, v. 1. 121, 'packing' is plotting: 'Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!'

288. *by her*, with regard to her. As St. Paul says in 1 Cor. iv. 4, 'I know nothing by myself.' And The Merchant of Venice, i. 2. 58: 'How say you by the French lord?'

294. *borrows money in God's name*, that is, says Steevens, is a common beggar, in allusion to Proverbs xix. 17, 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.' I doubt the allusion. In Spanish *Pordiosero* is a beggar, so called, according to Minsheu, because he begs for God's sake.

Scene II.

6. *come over*, surpass, exceed; with a pun on 'style' and 'stile.'

9. *keep*, live, dwell: a sense of the word still common in Cambridge. See note on The Merchant of Venice (Clarendon Press ed.), iii. 3. 19.

15, 16. *I give thee the bucklers*, yield thee the victory. See Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.), s. v. Gaigné: 'Ie te le donne gaigné. I graunt it, I yeeld it thee; I confesse thy action; I giue thee the bucklers.'

20. *the pikes*, according to the late Mr. Albert Way, were the central spikes with which the targets or circular bucklers of the sixteenth century were provided, and which were fastened by a vice or screw. 'Vice,' adds Mr. Way, 'is the French *vis*, a screw, . . . the female screw being called *écrou*' (Thoms, Three Notelets on Shakespeare, p. 129).

25–28. *The god of love*, &c. These words, according to Ritson (Bibliographia Poetica, p. 196), are the beginning of an old song by William Elderton.

31. *carpet-mongers*, carpet-knights, effeminate fellows.

39. *festival terms*, language fit only for high days and holidays, like Hotspur's 'holiday and lady terms' (1 Henry IV, i. 3. 46).

44. *with that I came*, with what I came for. See v. 1. 237.

60. *epithet*, expression, phrase. As in Othello, i. 1. 14: 'Horribly *stuff'd with epithets* of war.' And Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 2. 8: 'Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied.'

69. *in the time of good neighbours*, when a man had no need to praise himself.

71. *than the bell rings and the widow weeps.* In the Hundred Merry Tales already referred to are two stories; one, of the woman who buried her fourth husband and made great lamentation because on all previous occasions she was sure of a successor before the corpse of her late husband left the house, and now, said she, 'I am sure of no nother husband.' The other is of the widow who while kneeling at the requiem mass at her husband's funeral was addressed by a suitor, who came too late because she was already made sure to another man.

73. *Question*; that 's the question.

Ib. clamour refers to the sound of the bell.

74. *rheum*, tears: as in King John, iii. 1. 22:

'Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum?'

75. *Don Worm, his conscience.* Compare Richard III, i. 3. 222:

'The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!'

The reference is to Mark ix. 48: 'Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.'

86. *old coil.* For 'coil' see iii. 3. 84. Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) s. v. Diable, has 'Faire le diable de Vauvert. To keepe an old coyle, horrible bustling, terrible swaggering; to play monstrous reakes, or raks-iakes.' 'Old' is frequently used as an intensive, in the sense of 'great, plentiful,' like some other adjectives which have left their original meaning. Compare The Merchant of Venice, iv. 2. 15:

'We shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men.'

And Merry Wives, i. 4. 5: 'Here will be old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.'

87. *abused*, deceived. So in The Tempest, v. 1. 112:

'Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know.'

89. *presently.* See i. 1. 72.

Scene III.

3. *Done to death*, slain. As in 2 Henry VI, iii. 2. 179:

'Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?'

'To do to death' is a rendering of the French *faire mourir*.

5. *guerdon*, recompense. In Love's Labour's Lost, iii. 1. 170, Biron says to Costard, 'There 's thy guerdon: go.'

7. *with shame.* Shame was the cause, not the accompaniment, of Hero's death. For this sense of 'with' see ii. 1. 54.

11. *music*, used of a band of musicians, as in i. 2. 2, and The Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 98:

'It is your music, madam, of the house.'

12. *goddess of the night*, Diana.

13. *thy virgin knight.* Johnson refers to All's Well, i. 3. 120: 'Dian no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault or ransom afterward.'

20. *Till death be uttered*, till death be cast out or expelled, and there is no more death. Schmidt takes 'uttered' in its usual sense of 'pronounce, speak,' and explains the words 'the cry of "Graves, yawn &c." shall be raised till death.' But the reference is perhaps to Revelation xx. 13, 14: 'And the sea gave up the dead which were in it: and death and hell (*or*, the grave) delivered up the dead which were in them. . . . And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire.' This penance was to continue to the end of time. Sidney Walker says of the words 'Graves, yawn &c.,' 'I know not why we should consider them as anything more than an invocation—after the usual manner of funeral dirges in that age, in which mourners of some description or other are summoned to the funeral—a call, I say, upon the surrounding dead to come forth from their graves, as auditors or sharers in the solemn lamentation. "*Uttered*," expressed, commemorated in song.' But midnight and the grave are appealed to not to join in any song commemorating Death, but to assist Claudio in giving expression to his remorse and sorrow, which in exaggerated language he indicates would continue till there should be no more death. Although, therefore, Sidney Walker speaks rather contemptuously of those who take 'uttered' as signifying 'ousted,' it appears to me to give a better meaning to the passage than his own explanation, which misses the point.

21. *Heavily, heavily.* So the Quartos, repeating the refrain. The Folios read 'Heavenly, heavenly,' which is adopted by Knight, who says, 'Death is expelled *heavenly*—by the power of heaven'; a forced explanation.

22. Claud. The Quarto and Folios give this speech to 'Lo,' that is A Lord, but it clearly belongs to Claudio, and Rowe made the change.

27. *with spots of grey.* Compare Romeo and Juliet, ii. 3. 1–4:

'The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And fleckèd darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.'

30. *weeds, garments.* So in A Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 2. 71,

'Weeds of Athens he doth wear.' Puck had previously (ii. 1. 264) been told :

'Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.'

32. *speed's.* Theobald adopted Dr. Thirlby's conjecture in place of 'speeds,' which the old copies have. Thirlby wrote, '*Claudio* could not know, without being a Prophet, that this new-propos'd Match should have any luckier Event than That design'd with *Hero*. Certainly, therefore, this should be a Wish in *Claudio*; and, to this End, the Poet might have wrote, *speed's*; i.e. *speed us* : and so it becomes a Prayer to *Hymen*.' Malone objected to the harshness of the contraction; but Dyce quotes Love's Labour's Lost, ii. 1. 25 :

'Therefore to's seemeth it a needful course.'

Scene IV.

In the stage direction, Steevens in his edition of 1793 omitted the name of Margaret, and she does not appear on the stage at all. But in the old copies she enters at the opening of the scene and again at line 53, although she does not speak. In the interval she must have left with the ladies at l. 12.

3. *Upon.* See iv. 1. 222.

7. *sort.* See iv. 1. 239.

8. *by faith,* by my word which I have pledged.

17. *confirm'd,* steady, immovable. See ii. 1. 344, and Coriolanus, i. 3. 65 : 'Has such a confirmed countenance.'

29. *stand with,* agree with, be consistent with. Compare As You Like It, ii. 4. 91 :

'I pray thee, if it stand with honesty.'

And Coriolanus, ii. 3. 91 : 'Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.'

34. *assembly.* A quadrisyllable. See iii. 1. 80.

43. *the savage bull.* See i. 1. 227.

46. *Europa.* The story of Europa who was carried off by Jupiter in the shape of a bull is told by Ovid, Metamorphoses, ii, and is referred to again in Merry Wives, v. 5. 4 : 'Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.'

52. *here comes.* See v. 1. 45.

54. The old copies assign this speech to Leonato. Theobald first gave it to Antonio.

59. *like of.* So in Romeo and Juliet, i. 3. 96 :

'*Speak briefly,* can you like of Paris' love?'

And Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 107:

'But like of each thing that in season grows.'

66. *whiles.* See iv. 1. 218.

69. *largely*, at large, with full detail.

70. *let wonder seem familiar*, let what is wonderful seem as if it were of common occurrence.

82. *no such matter.* See ii. 3. 198.

92. *by this light.* See v. 1. 138.

94. *by this good day.* See ii. 3. 223.

97. *Peace!* In the old copies this speech is given to Leonato. Theobald properly assigned it to Benedick. 'The ingenious Dr. Thirlby,' says Theobald, 'agreed with me, that it ought to be given to Benedick, who, upon saying it, kisses Beatrice.'

100. *flout.* See i. 1. 158.

101, 102. *beaten with brains.* Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 263: 'Dry-beaten with pure scoff.' And see ii. 3. 214–220.

102. *nothing handsome about him.* See iv. 2. 78.

107. *in that*, inasmuch as. So in Venus and Adonis, 174:

'And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.'

112. *a double-dealer* is especially used of one who played false with women. The Double-Dealer is the title of one of Congreve's comedies.

119. *of my word*, upon my word. 'Of' and 'on' are interchanged, as in iii. 5. 21, 35. In Romeo and Juliet, i. 1. 1: 'Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals': the abbreviation may be for 'on' or 'of.'

121. *than one tipped with horn.* Becket's 'rude pastoral staff of pearwood, with its crook of black horn,' was one of the relics shown to the pilgrims at Canterbury (Stanley, Historical Memorials of Canterbury, 4th ed., p. 225).

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

ii. 1. 230. *like the infernal Ate in good apparel.* On this Warburton remarks, 'This is a pleasant allusion to the custom of ancient poets and painters, who represent the *Furies* in rags.' As Ate was not one of the Furies this statement if true would be irrelevant, and with regard to the Furies themselves it is, so far as I have been able to ascertain, entirely without foundation. In Spenser's elaborate description of Ate and her dwelling (Fairy Queen, Bk. iv, canto 1, stanzas 19–30), nothing is said of her characteristic attire, although she comes upon the scene 'in good apparel' with the false Duessa in the guise of two fair ladies.

> 'But Ladies none they were, albee in face
> And outward shew faire semblance they did beare;
> For under maske of beautie and good grace
> Vile treason and fowle falshood hidden were.'

iii. 1. 12. Even in Spenser, although 'purpose' is used for discourse or conversation, the accent is not changed. For instance, in F. Q. i. 2. 30:

> 'Faire semely pleasaunce each to other makes,
> With goodly purposes, there as they sit.'

In i. 12. 13:

> 'On which they lowly sitt, and fitting purpose frame.'

In ii. 6. 6:

> 'For she in pleasaunt purpose did abound.'

But after all it must be remembered that Spenser, because of his affected archaisms, is a doubtful authority in questions of language.

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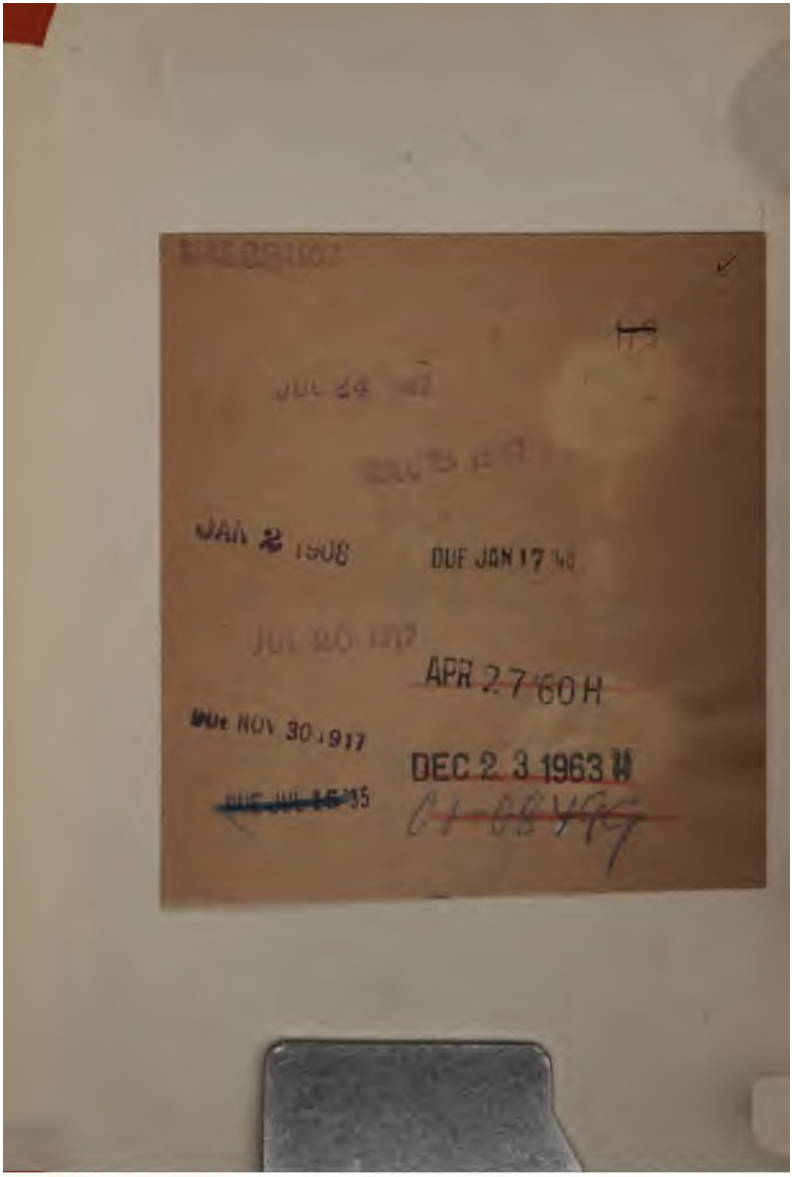
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